



*Injuresoul*





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# INJURE SOUL;

A

## *Satire for Science,*

BY

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

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*"REASON, throned upon the WORLD'S MIND, shall be the  
King of Kings and the God of Gods."*

COL. R. J. INGERSOLL.

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## WHAT? WHY? HOW?

What NATURE shows:—Her facts of Evidence, maintaining BIBLE TRUTH.

Why I print:—Because I would affirm the Subsistence of Divine LAWS and FORCE, accountant for all things.

How I deal with INFIDELITY personified by INJURE-SOUL:—through worse INFIDELITY personified by BEECHER.

**THE AUTHOR.**

# INJURE SOUL.



## FYTTE FIRST.

An "AGE of REASON" is ours, ye Schools !  
Science for sucklings !—Mind for mules ;  
Faith for a few old-fashioned folks !—  
Hell but a humbug !—Heaven, a hoax !

An "Age of Reason" incites my Muse !—  
An Age to "give the Devil his dues !"   
And, if all claims for help advanced,  
By Devil to man, since Nimrod pranced ;  
All bonds he holds on souls, and shares  
Of stocks, with human "bulls" and "bears ;"  
All mortgages on minds, and liens  
On lives, for mortal ways and means,  
Borrowed "on TIME," through all years past,  
Foreclosed, shall "sell out" Earth, at last,  
Certes—if Devil survive that day—  
Mankind must look for—"Hell to pay !"

Good folks, they tell me, harbor doubt  
Of "roaring lion, going about !"—

## INJURESOUL.

Though still your State Attorney prates  
Of "malice a Devil instigates!" . . .  
So let it pass, for simile droll,  
If "Devil" I name, for INJURESOUL ! . . . .  
But yet —could Limbo lack one limb—  
O' th' law, when Satan wanted him—  
I'd match this one, for hardest "case,"  
Our side, at least, of "t' other place!"  
With latest suit in "Chance-ry" gained—  
By Beelzebub, *in rem*, "retained"—  
I'd match him, with his "pal," TOM PAINE,  
To stand by sinners, back to Cain;  
Iscariot's treachery deny;  
Submit for Herod an *alibi*;  
And, if appeals be heard below,  
Plead for his kindred crank—Guiteau;  
Madman! and yet no more insane  
Than INJURESOUL—put brain with brain;  
And, as assassin, less his guilt,  
For blood of one poor man he spilt,  
Than JUSTICE brands on INJURESOUL ! . . . .  
For never, on earth—since Satan stole  
O'er Eden's flowers, in serpent guise,  
To kill sweet PEACE in Paradise—  
Has homicide dealt doom, and dole,  
Worse than this murderer—INJURESOUL!  
Whose hates all human hopes would blast;  
Whose hopes inhuman hates forecast:



## INJURESOUL.

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Affronting heaven with boast of clod—  
Himself his REASON! and REASON his—GOD! }

“An Age of Reason!”—an Age of Thought!  
Theses rehearsed—and Theories taught!  
Free understandings—loosening Locke’s!  
Full-fledged philosophers—in frocks!  
And, in each Normal School, *per viam*,  
Stars weighed, and planets poised—*per diem*!  
What marvel, then, with aids to sight,  
Like Liebig’s lens and Edison’s light—  
“Half-Hours with Science!” Huxley’s bones!  
Shelley’s “Queen Mab!” Hugh Miller’s “Stones!”  
What marvel, then, that soul in PAINÉ  
Flares out afresh, from atheist brain;  
And grins at us—from Darwin’s goal—  
Tom Paine revived—as INJURESOUL!

Insensate sciolist! whose pert,  
Poll-parrot prate would heaven subvert,  
And hell suppress! what time his dim  
Dark-lantern lights up brain for him!—  
This dwarf, who stands on tiptoe, lest  
High heaven should fail to hear his jest;  
And lifts, like Ajax blind, his roar:  
“Give me but LIGHT—I ask no more!”  
Who jibes at Bible Faith, yet looks  
For all his stand-points, into books;

Blackstone consults, for lawyer's brief,  
 Kepler for astronomic belief,  
 Huygens for light, and Huxley's bones  
 For geologic creed he owns ;  
 This dunce of books ! whose mind, awry,  
 Boggles at sunshine in yon sky ;  
 Blinks at meridian beam, which flows  
 With all sweet sense and soul he knows ;  
 Yet, in his arrogance, presumes  
 That his own soul his sense illumines—  
 Or, upon soul and sense combined,  
 Stacks up his—BOOKS !—and calls them—MIND !

Note him ! . . . his "REASON" as "god and lord !"

He "doubts," forsooth MOSAIC word;  
 Doubts everything, he says, but "facts,"  
 And sells his doubts, in printed tracts :  
 At Eden's joys and griefs he jeers ;  
 At Adam's apple astutely sneers ;  
 And "doubts the fact" of apple there ;  
 Or if an apple expelled a "pair ;"  
 But when it comes to pippin's fall,  
 Near good Sir Isaac's garden wall,  
 And good Sir Isaac's brains are spun,  
 For THEORY, linking apple and sun—  
 Keplerian stock, to graft his fruit on—  
 "No doubt of THAT !" cries Bob—" 'Tis NEWTON ! "

Bob INJURESOUL !—*id est*, TOM PAINE !  
Names never signify !—'Tis Brain !  
Tom Paine, in Pharoah's day, as this,  
At Moses mocked, with serpent hiss :  
And mocking CHRIST, at later date,  
Bob was Voltaire, with Fritz the Great ;  
When Reason and Rhyme, for king and sage,  
Banded bad wit, with rival rage ! . . . .  
Tom talked his REASON at Grecian mob ;  
PAUL heard him, as we now hear Bob !  
All years Dementia plays her pranks—  
All nations chronicle their cranks ;  
Dull dupes, by many a dolt enticed,  
Have heard the rogue say—"I am CHRIST !"   
What odds, if INJURESOUL cry out—  
"I'm Anti-Christ !" while riff-raff shout ?  
What odds, if devil, in rage malign,  
Rush out of madman—into swine ;  
And the unclean possession again  
Headlong shall cast itself ? . . . .What then ?

He "DOUBTS !" . . And if he doubts, I say—  
Doubt, as you will ! 'Tis MANHOOD's way !  
And if his doubts his ways incline,  
Higher or lower than ways of mine,  
So let him walk !—and if his MIND  
Flap wings, like bantam fowl inclined,  
Cock-wise, and crow forth barnyard talk,  
So let him wave !—"cock of his walk !" 4

So far, so good ! so far, so ill !—  
As Bob, by REASON impelled, may WILL !  
Though Paine be dust, his LIGHT abides,  
With MIND, wherever its REASON guides !  
At one with books, at one with brain—  
Yea, even at one with priest, in fane—  
Yet, from that FLAME, which MOSES felt,  
(What space on SINAI'S MOUNT he knelt,)   
Variant as flares of phosphor fumes,  
From noon-day's light, which Heaven illumines !

Tom Paine is dead ! His MIND, pervert,  
Lingers in fire-damp—fire in dirt !  
Malarious marsh-light's viscid fogs,  
In stagnant fens, and flaccid bogs ;  
Or, upon grave-yard turf, at night,  
Corpse-candle sheen—corruption's light !  
Fire under falsehood ! golden gleams,  
Where matter inert with poison teems !  
Light such as pools putrescent share—  
Gilding dead-fish with ghastly glare ;  
Light of worm-eaten woods, where mould  
Punk-fire accretes, with glister cold ;  
Yea, the dread FIRE-DAMP miners fly,  
Or—if their hearts inhale it—die !  
Yet is it LIGHT, no less, for BRAINS—  
While phosphor-fire their pulp retains ;  
Phosphor of mackerel, carp, or cod !—  
LIGHT—but no love-light, given of God !

TOM PAINE is dust ! . . . . But cureless pains  
Return, where cancerous core remains ;  
As fangs of snake, in reptile head,  
Retain their roots, though skin be shed ;  
And the old dust—ophidian food—  
Revives again reptilian brood !  
Tom Paine is dead ! . . . His days of doubt,  
Like a “ brief candle,” soon snuffed out ;  
Fading with REASON, in fitful glare,  
As phosphor flickers, in VAULT-AIR !  
Let the play pass—’tis Nature’s pun,  
Grim, like her “ sport,” when Gallic sun  
Rose on that wretched birth—VOLTAIRE—  
And his MIND made itself—“ *fixed air* !”  
Wherein, and whence, for human hurt,  
Light was to lurk, like fire in dirt !  
Not sweet, electric LIGHT, which flows  
In ambient airs, with heavenly glows ;  
But scant, obscure, senescent rays,  
Reek-fed, from rots, where life decays ;  
Where life on death-dews feeds, and earth  
Travails, with seeds for monstrous birth—  
Twin-seeds, empoisoning Nature’s womb ;  
Twin-offspring, cradled in her tomb ;  
Sweet AIR ! sweet HEAT ! for evil amerced,  
Bob’s Light to bear . . . . FIRE-DAMP accursed ! \*

Such Light for INJURESOUL abides,  
Whose “ Reason enthroned ” his God derides !

Such **LIGHT** perverse, Tom **PAINÉ**, poor fool !  
 Adored as **REASON**, in Gallic school !  
 Poor **PAINÉ**—whose words, in **MAN**'s defense,  
 With white fire burned—for “Common Sense !”  
 Ere his bright brain, from **Light** divine,  
 Shrivelled, in lees of Gallic wine !  
 Wine such as **MIND**, in Paris mud,  
 “Drunk as a drab,” commixed with—blood ;  
 When Robespierrean **REASON**, enshrined,  
 “Goddess” was hailed of Gallic mind !  
 Crown'd—as she reeled—with Phrygian Cap ;  
 Claspings **VOLTAIRE**, on shameless lap—  
 Stark-naked, drawn by drunken mob !  
 Throned on a cart ! . . . your **REASON** !—O ! Bob

All History notes these **BOBS** and **TOMS**,  
 Since dust was dust, in catacombs !  
 'Twas Tom who sneered, when Satan hissed ;  
 'Twas Bob, who smiled, when Judas kissed ;  
 Nor less, like Bob, for Egypt's gods,  
 Egypt's magicians charmed their rods ;  
 To hiss—like Bob—as snakes empowered ;  
 At Heaven—at **MOSES**—till devoured ! . . .

**BALAAM** was Bob, when jackass bray  
 Told him an angel barred the way !  
 And Balaam's **REASON**, in “moral suasion,”  
 Abused his ass—for **REVELATION** !

## INJURESOUL.

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Yea ! in all days, like Balak's priest,  
Blaspheming Bob bestrides his beast !  
And, always baulked, at NATURE's pass,  
He coaxes, cuffs, and kicks, his ass :  
Dumb ass ! by prideful MIND bestrid,  
And ruled as fitful sense may bid ;  
Yea, in all days, as MIND cajoles,  
Their REASON is ridden by INJURESOULS .  
Till the truth dawns on rider blind—  
His ass, betimes, may teach his MIND !

Ah, well for MIND ! if REASON, alert  
Like Balaam's ass, with Bob in dirt—  
Flung from his selle—might cry out now :  
“ What have I done to thee, that thou  
Hast smitten me—thine ass ? ” . . . . Alas !  
This talking ass !—this atheist ass !—  
This mongrel ! sired by DIRT, and damm'd  
By DOUBT !—and ridden, all days, rough-shod,  
By INJURESOULS—against their God !

He doubts my FAITH, ! O ! mother of mine !  
What sweet, old-fashioned Faith was thine !  
When, on our knees, in childish prayer,  
We voiced it—“ GOD IS EVERYWHERE ! ”  
When, in our MINDS, with childish thought,  
Thy creed was OURS—nor else we sought !  
Sure of one hope—from Calvary given !  
Sure of one friend—Our FATHER in HEAVEN !

THY creed, my mother! all creeds above!—  
 “Love one another! . . . . GOD IS LOVE!”<sup>8</sup>

Nought else we sought! nor ever abjured,  
 For school-taught lore, that LIGHT assured—  
 By CHRISTMAS lamps, at EASTER swung,  
 And by those STARS, which DAVID sung,  
 When, in his poem of JOB, he said—  
 “HIS CANDLE shined upon my head!” . . . .  
 Nought else we learned!—nor ever inclined,  
 With brains or books, to “make up MIND”;  
 Till, from my mother’s grave out-spied,  
 On variant lines our ways were led;  
 Lights of our ingle-side went out;  
 Faith fled, and REASON arrived—with DOUBT!

Book-light was mine, all joys to sum!  
 Book-light my drink—my pabulum!  
 Nor recked I yet, ere “teens” were reached,  
 What teachers taught or preachers preached;  
 All worlds for me, when chimney nook  
 Held me enchained, o’er each new book!—  
 New books! old books! light care I felt,  
 Though must and mould on leaf I smelt;  
 Or, if what books I sought gave forth  
 Thy mind, thou “wizard of the North!”  
 Thy mind, Le Sage! or thine, Froissart!  
 Cervantes, thine! or thine, Des Cartes!



But why enumerate books I skimmed,  
Boy-like, till twilight daylight dimmed ?  
Full oft, indeed, till morning lights,  
Book-bound, by fond " Arabian Nights !"  
Nor REASON ignored !—In sooth, my mind,  
Bob-like—toward skeptic lore inclined :  
And, to make up my MIND, from brain,  
Voltaire I read—and eke TOM PAINE !  
And, in those days, no sage, no seer—  
No INJURESOUL—in MIND was freer !  
All sorts of brain pulp mixed with mine ;  
" Precept on precept—line on line !"  
No chains of Calvin, nor John Knox,  
Held me in thralldom orthodox !—  
No fierce rebound, from fierce control,  
Freed me, as MIND freed INJURESOUL !  
And yet, wit' books and brains o'er fraught,  
Free, as Bob INJURESOUL, for—THOUGHT !  
Free to eat pulp—and ink to drink—  
Scoff at high heaven, like Bob—and THINK !  
KEPLER my architect of stars—  
Angels dismissed, with antique LARS ;  
Some little faith left, in some CAUSE,  
Anterior to KEPLERIAN laws ;  
But the old FAITH my sisters wist,  
And the OLD BOOK my mother kissed,  
" Well ! they were childish dreams," I said—  
" Fairy tales !" . . . And I shook my head !

BOB knows it all ! His manly goals  
Were mine ! and mine—BOB INJURESOUL'S !  
His ploughshare mine, for fallow brain,  
His out-crop mine, too—husk and grain ! . .  
BOB knows what wide-eyed Reason arraigns !  
What low-down knowledge MIND disdains !  
Lessons for women-folks—and fools !  
And love-lore, learned at nursery schools !  
BOB's noble nature craved, in sooth,  
PURE LIGHT, as mine did—spotless TRUTH !—  
PURE LIGHT, star gazers find, with looks,  
Cross-eyed, at heavenly ways, and—books ;  
High truth, some seer of fire-damp gains,  
From Huxley's bones, and Darwin's brains !  
Yea ! in my day—with mind matured,  
From books—but with no Faith assured ;  
Earth bounding me, as shell of snail,  
I ate, drank, slept, in flexile mail.  
Life among men I liked—nor latched  
My heart from hearts my liking matched :  
Nor shut mine eyes, when devious light,  
This way or that way, wooed my sight !  
Accepting life—as worm with worm—  
And for all else—a pachyderm !  
Content, if sins to folly snared,  
To think that all to heaven were bared ;  
Quoth I, “ By Heaven my lot is cast !  
I leave to Heaven my lot, at last ! ”

Loose creed ! loose life ! . . . and all my LIGHT  
Summed, in—" Whatever is, is right ! "

" Broad Church " was mine ! no pew-door locks  
Kept me on springs, like " Jack-in-Box ; "  
No boys I " chummed " were ground to lobs,  
By Presbyterian sire, like Bob's ;  
Nor by their prayerful mother made  
Haters of God—to whom she prayed.  
And if I smiled when SPURGEON raved,  
Or MILLER'S " dark day " lightly braved ;  
If meek-eyed PARKER'S wrath enthused,  
Or BROWNSON'S pomp of words amused ;  
If CHANNING'S gracious grace enticed,  
Or CHAPIN'S " fire-escape " I priced—  
All shrines I sought, but set up none ;  
More apt, from " rapt up " EMERSON,  
To quote his quibble of tongue or pen—  
" I pass !—re-pass !—and turn again ! " 9

BOB knows it all !—His head he shook,  
Doubtless, with doubts, of ways he took ;  
But, with his Reason alert to sway,  
Fillipped his mother's faith away ;  
" Whistled adown the wind," her prayer ;  
And, with his high hat cocked, in air—  
Spurning all " Orthodox " control—  
Quoth he—" I'm Bob !—I'm INJURESOUL ! "

Childhood no longer lifted hands  
 Full of white shells and silver sands,  
 Wrought into crystal cones and cubes !—  
 MANHOOD saw LIGHT through Herschell tubes ;  
 Where Herschell heavenly quarters kept,  
 And their blue floors his sister swept ! <sup>10</sup>  
 High over pebbly pearls and spars,  
 Bob raised his FAITH on rays of stars ;  
 And fixed it—(REASON a little “mixed”)—  
 On SPACE ! where sundry STARS were “fixed ;”  
 Space ! fixed by Laws no Kepler shows !  
 Space ! fixed forever, in grand repose !  
 While every other concern, in heaven—  
 Peg-top, whipped up—THROUGH SPACE is driven ! <sup>11</sup>

Not loosely I—with light word said—  
 “Rush in, where angels fear to tread !”  
 Not mine, at “Reason,” in astral light,  
 To dash, like stupid moth at night :  
 My joco-serious line befits,  
 Betimes, as foil to fire-damp wits ;  
 Yet do I flirt no ink to smirch  
 Lustre of Science, or Light of Church !  
 Flame is my WISDOM ! honey of bee  
 I eat—because ’tis good for me !  
 And if I find it sweetly celled  
 In modern hives, or hives of eld ;  
 Gathered by Greek, by Roman stored ;  
 Where Heathens waste or Christians hoard ;

Or seek it whither, in secret combs,  
Wax-light or rush-light tricks up tomes ;  
Though in all murk my mint may shine ;  
If it be NATURE'S Light, 'tis mine !—  
Bee-quest is mine—for sweets in flowers ;  
Whereso they bloom in beds or bowers ;  
Whereso they scent surrounding airs ;  
And, if malarious flows be theirs,  
Let me one fragrant current find,  
Void of all virus—'tis my “ mind ! ”  
Yea ! though, from reeks of Rabelais,  
Or rank Petronius—one white ray  
Fity were won, for worthier use,  
I'll mix it with my honey-juice ;  
Then, with my MIND in sweet control—  
WISDOM, as REASON, instructing SOUL—  
Light of my Lord shall softly thrill,  
And my SOUL say : “ THY Will !—my will ! ”

LIGHT of my LORD ! —and is it afar ?  
For souls to seek in sun or star ?  
LOVE of my LORD !—is it not near,  
When eyes are wet with Pity's tear ?  
When lips are bright, with smile, to win  
Poor, lonesome souls to human kin ?  
What is it to me—if seers of stars  
Tell us that Deity swung out Mars ?

And what to me, if worlds ye pile,  
As a High Church ! and pave each aisle  
With orbs ! and fling up altar flames,  
From central suns ! yea, fashion frames  
Of arch-ways and of architraves ;  
Cloisters and chancels—knobs and naves ?  
And what, if pompous priest be there ?  
Yea ! priesthoods ! hierarchs—at prayer !  
While in our grave-yards, here below,  
Sad *MARIES* kneel, in 'wilder'd woe !  
Clasping their white, cold hands, this day,  
O' er tombstone never to roll away !—  
And all their faith in God estrayed,  
And all their *HOPES* of *HEAVEN* bewrayed ;  
All human loves, for human mates ;  
All homes beyond these grave-yard gates ;  
All solacements—that here sufficed—  
In a Sealed Tomb . . . with a “ *DEAD CHRIST* ! ”  
While *Bobs* and *Toms* — polemic bridge on—  
*RECONCILE SCIENCE*—with *RELIGION* !

*BOB* ! did I say ? —with *TOM* ! . . . as peers !  
Bridge piers astride—exchanging jeers ?  
Yea ! priest with priest ! . . . computing “ weights ”  
And “ bulks,” of lamps on heavenly gates !  
And measuring transit trips of rays,  
From “ lunar ” beams, to “ solar ” blaze !  
Nicely exact ! —that “ he who runs  
May read ” their “ facts ” of stars and suns :

Yea, their old "Mother Earth" inspect,  
 And, by her teeth, her age detect !  
 And —if they reach not Darwin's pulp—  
 All ante-Darwin "facts" they gulp ;  
 Compactly pressed with stellar pacts—,  
 Till "minds" are all made up—from "facts!"  
 While "Desk" with "Pulpit" makes exchange,  
 And "minds advanced" get broader range !  
 Ranging from BIBLE of Peter and Paul,  
 With "spread" so broad—it ends in sprawl !  
 So PAUL—as—SAUL—with Bob behind,  
 Back to Damascus gate goes—blind !  
 And Tom turns up, with cock crow lies,  
 Where Peter, again, his Lord denies !....  
 Yea ! by each church-flock jumping bars,  
 Light-lured, by "aberrate rays" of—stars !  
 Shepherd intent on Darwin's book—  
 And Bob behind—with shepherd's—*crook* !....  
 Yea ! by each priest forsworn, who spouts  
 "Fire-damp" on tongue which "Moses" doubts !—  
 Proffering poor SOULS his SOLE reliance :  
 "RELIGION !" — "RECONCILED" — to "SCIENCE !" "

## FYTTE SECOND.

I grant you, KEPLER lifted scan  
From knees of prayer, as Christian man !  
NEWTON, no less, in star and sod,  
Confessed their MAKER—as his GOD !  
Each sought, on brain and books, to print  
“ God’s word,” through life’s long septuagint :  
And yet—when heaven and earth they trace—  
Mindless of GOD, they call it—SPACE !  
SPACE . . . as if MOSES —seer of GOD—  
Knew not, when Sinai’s Mount he trod,  
What “ DEEP ” by flaming heats was rent,  
Ere GOD ordained yon “ firmament ! ”  
Yea ! ere HE bade HIS LIGHT’s advance  
All moistures melt—for Light’s expanse !  
Yea ! when HIS WILL decreed His PLAN—  
By LAWS which Heaven and Earth fore-ran !  
LAWS—like HIMSELF—of DUAL existence—  
By which—through which—dwells ALL SUBSISTENCE !

I blame not Bob ! . . . With REASON’s ken,  
I scan the ways of women and men—  
Ways of our days, when churches sit,  
With shaking sides, at pulpit wit ;  
“ Star ” preachers, “ drawing a house,” like players,  
And a clown’s jokes enlivening prayers ;



When the same crowds, of age and youth,  
Beechers and Bobs beset—for “truth ;”  
Critics of “truth”—from tongue or book—  
And their criterion—“Black Crook !”  
God ! who art God ! though impious creed,  
Or impious doubt, our souls mislead ;  
God ! who art God ! though impious hands  
At martyr’s breast pile up their brands :  
What word of thine, by WISDOM weighed,  
What laws of thine, by souls obeyed,  
What church of thine, by NATURE built,  
Shall pretext make, for human guilt,  
In aught that heaven or earth contains,  
Save in this REASON—of human brains ?—  
Save in this MIND, bestirred for WILL—  
CAUSE of all crimes—their MOTOR still ? <sup>13</sup>

Anon ! . . . not yet . . . but farther on,  
My Reason her word shall speak ! . . . ANON !  
And, in my ways of REASON, inquire,  
What “candle shined,” for David’s lyre ;  
What LIGHTED SPACE, ere earth was made ;  
Or ever in heaven a star displayed !  
And, in my light of stars—uplift,  
Where heavenly airs diurnal drift—  
Ask of our star-seers, whence and when,  
Planets were rolled toward earthly ken ?

Why, as they tell us, in air afar,  
Systems stretch, endless—star on star?  
Why such unnumbered worlds in SPACE?  
Yet but one earth!—one dying race!  
One Adam, in grief o'er woeful loss!  
One Moses!...and one Calvary cross?—  
All worlds ignored for EARTH!—all orbs  
Godless—while EARTH their GOD absorbs?  
Yea, on this EARTH—for MAN, ill-willed—  
God born! God suffering! and God killed!  
And, in his stead—o'er dust and dole—  
FIRE-DAMP Arisen!—with INJURESOUL!

Far is my Reason, as ways may wend,  
From ways which down to Darkness trend;  
But more remote from ways I tread,  
Is man or woman, who shares my bread—  
Yea! shares my shew-bread and my wine—  
But slurs their Substance—LOVE DIVINE!  
Christians or Jews my soul deploras,  
BIGOTS! who shut SALVATION's doors;  
And, on each Difference and each DOUBT,  
Fling fire-damps of DAMNATION out!  
Nor zeal, nor faith, nor truth atones  
For creed which cruelty condones!—  
Whoso shall tell me, prayers uprise  
From blood-stained hierarch—he lies!  
Whoso affirms, JEHOVAH's WORD  
Toward acts of rapine Joshua stirred—

Or ever—in witness Moses bore—  
Enjoined or authorized LUST or WAR !  
Or, for Judea, was different word,  
Than JESUS gave—“ Put up thy sword ! ”  
Or ever a curse pronounced on soil—  
Or ever a license spake, for spoil—  
Whoso at CHRISTIAN shrine shall bend,  
Nor feel that God is “ Father ” and “ Friend ”—  
Nor feel, as voice of brooding dove,  
That gospel JOHN said—“ God is LOVE ! ”—  
I count such Christians far from LIGHT,  
As Bobs and Toms, in atheist night ;  
I count their prayers as wasted breath—  
I count their lives as “ life in death ! ”—  
Yea ! as JEHOVAH lives, I swear—  
Creeds are but coins, and impress bear ;  
Impress of “ reasoning minds,” which stamp,  
On Christian church or Moslem camp,  
On council, conclave, synod, sect,  
Whatso “ superior minds ” direct ! . . .  
And—in an Age not yet, but still  
Not so far distant—MIND, as WILL,  
Guided by Church, may conclave call ;  
Churches to bind and councils thrall—  
Canons, and creeds, and “ minds,” to change—  
Till “ Minds Advanced ” have broadest range ;  
And a “ Last Christian Church,” at odds,  
Bow down to REASON—as “ god of gods ! ” 14

"Doubt ! and you die !" So Greeks ordained,  
And Socrates his death cup drained !

"Die, doubter !" Saul of Tarsus saith,  
O'er righteous Stephen, stoned to death ;

"He doubts our gods !" the Roman cries ;  
And Paul must bleed—and Peter dies !

Jews doubt MESSIAH, and straitly burn ;

And MOSLEMS, doubtful, roast, in turn ;

Yea, for his "doubt," your Christian drops—  
At Smithfield "stakes," or Tyburn "chops !"

Priest ! Presbyter !—yea, Puritan !—

Kills, for his "doubts," some fellow-man !

And still base BIGOTRY's red wraith

Rises, with—"We defend our FAITH !"

So, in OUR years, might fagots blaze,

Could "Age of Reason" its altars raise !

For in this day, mine ears have heard

BIGOTS, as quick with atheist word—

BIGOTS, as furious for "Free Thought,"

As ever a monk, with "faith" o'er-fraught,

In Torquemada's days, was quick,

With "racks" and "screws" for "heretic !"

And if an "Age of Reason"—anon—

(BOB INJURESOUL still "marching on")—

Shall witness "Tom" and "Bob" enshrined,

With "REASON enthroned on the world's Mind !"

What think you ? Will no Fire-damp flare,  
 For REASON and MIND, in blood-red air ?—  
 GOD pity EARTH ! if ever its clods,  
 Be ruled by REASON, as—“ god of gods !”

FREE THOUGHT !—O ! hark ! how Bob exhorts !  
 “ Minds ” he would manumit—from torts !  
 Chains he would break, from human souls !  
 And souls uplift, toward MANHOOD’s goals !  
 All gods, all altars—present and past—  
 Bob gecks at !—Grand Iconoclast !—  
 No bolts, no bars, his course control !—  
 No bobstays—for BOB INJURESOUL !  
 He turns to MIND alone—for rules ;  
 And finds his ruling MIND in—“ schools !”  
 Carps at convictions FAITH conceives—  
 Tears up an “ Old Book ” SHE believes !  
 While, from his own “ old books,” he draws  
 FAITH, for his REASON, in Newton’s laws !  
 And struts, with high-head bearing weights,  
 (One stone to each square inch ! —he states !)” <sup>45</sup>  
 And that stiff neck of his, ox-yoked,  
 Goose-yoked—as if by pillory choked !—  
 Eyes cocked, on high, in stellar stocks—  
 Back braced, by “ eocene age ” of rocks !  
 Silurian swamps around his legs !  
 Strata !—to hatch forth Darwin’s eggs !—

With "miocene" trails, and "pliocene" tracts,  
To seat Bob, solid, on "bottom facts !"  
And as he cocks his eye up, sunward,  
"I'm in the stocks !" he cries . . . "Let's onward !"

So, Bobs and Toms on hobbies climb,  
To map off worlds, and count off Time ! . . .  
So, tons of wasted brains, all years,  
And wasted books, on whirling spheres,  
Reeled off, like sewing-silk, on spools,  
Thread swaddling-clothes for pygmy schools :  
Pygmy, because these MINDS of men  
(Dwarfs, in their highest quest or ken.)  
Cut loose from NATURE's "leading strings,"  
And each on favorite hobby springs !

So, Science mounts, for see-saw course,  
Booted and spurred—on rocking-horse !  
Firm in her saddle she lifts her war-word ;  
"Follow me, friends ! she says . . . "Let's forward !"

White Light of WISDOM !—bathing brains,  
As birds are bathed in aerial bairs !—  
Bathed, and upborne, while wing obeys  
Impulse of mind, in NATURE's ways !—  
How had thy FLAME's omnific force  
Led mankind, on material course ;

Led arts, led hearts, led lives, led lands,  
If minds of schools, from swaddling bands,  
Had risen, on earth, as minds of MEN,  
Banded to gain MAN's rights again !—  
Leaving yon heaven its heavenly host ;  
Seeking, by nights, no aerial ghost ;  
But broadening Reason, and widening Mind—  
Helps for all human hurts to find !

Alack ! for Reason !—All airs it scans,  
And stars it counts, and space it spans ;  
And sorts all airs for gaseous kinds,  
And, in all air-flow, substance finds :  
Nor yet one FACT of Science shows  
Where, whence, or why, MALARIA flows !

Ah ! if 'twere only BOB, whose breath  
Benumbs poor souls with chills of death ;  
Ices worn hearts with callous crust,  
And tramples hopes of hearts to dust !—  
If the old chancery suit, he jobs,  
No pleas could count, for fees, but Bob's !—  
Bob, in my tracks, might air his stings,  
And gold-dust lap, to gild his “ rings ; ”  
I'd simply say, or shrewdly think—  
'Tis the Old Snake back, link on link !  
'Tis Bob who talks ! 'tis INJURESOUL !  
He tells his tale, and takes his toll !

And if mistakes in talk he makes,  
 He makes no miss in tolls he takes !  
 Retailing tales, where'er he goes,  
 His Bob-tales every skeptic knows !  
 Shelley's wild wickedness, "Queen Mab,"  
 Good minds would blot, but bad ones blab ;  
 Bayle's balderdash, and vampyre Hobbes,  
 Blood-bloated by all buried Bobs ! . . .

Still croak your crows, when rook exhorts,  
 And when Bob sneezes, skeptic snorts ;  
 Even as some churches, souls to win,  
 Sing—pray—and then—"the laugh comes in !"  
 When jocose pastor's quips amuse,  
 And puerile puns appreciate pews ;  
 With digs at "dogmas," clips at "isms,"  
 He stops all schisms, by---witticisms !  
 Like base-ball sport, his play of wits,  
 His "innings" helped by timely "hits ;"  
 Till, some dark day, beset by doubtings,  
 Church splits . . . . and "innings" end—in "outings."

Hear, now, O ! Reason ! and hear, O ! Mind !  
 Frays are for me, where foes I find !  
 Bold INJURESOUL his brows may ruck,  
 And, in his wild ways, "run amuck !"   
 Whereat—my "mind made up" for fight—  
 Bob, in his loose career, I smite ! . . .



But, as I've said—and still repeat—  
 At Christian church-doors foes I meet ;  
 At Christian shrine, on bending knees,  
 GREATHEART, this day, my sad soul sees :  
 In his "whole armor of Faith" arrayed ;  
 With shield of truth—and gospel blade—  
 God's Word his castle-wall ! . . . and yet,  
 When prideful foes their battle set,  
 He whimpers, at each fresh defiance,  
 "We 'll reconcile GOD'S WORD—with SCIENCE !" <sup>13</sup>

Skeptics ! we know them ! . . . Toms and Bobs  
 May hiss hot hates, like scoriac scobs !  
 Satan may stand, as erst he stood,  
 And yell forth : "EVIL ! be thou my GOOD !" <sup>14</sup>  
 Who recks, if well-known snake shall hiss ?  
 Or, if an unmasked Judas kiss ?  
 Judas ! go hang ! . . . 'Tis PAUL I dread,  
 And PETER, in ways of MIND mis-led ! . . .  
 Bold Simon Peter ! alert with blade !  
 And yet by rabble of louts dismayed ;  
 Skulking from Christ, with craven lies . . .  
 Till, at one look from those sweet eyes,  
 Touched to his heart again, he creeps  
 Toward shadows of the night—and weeps !  
 Meantime, by whip's and thorn's appliance,  
 Jews reconcile GOD'S WORD—with SCIENCE !

Mischievous Bob is ! . . . That I grant !—  
Mischief's his trade-mark ! . . . Eyes aslant,  
Like a lewd wench, at watch with lure,  
And quick with looks, where looks assure ;  
So saunters REASON, on mischief bent ;  
For ruin of mind—with mind's consent ! . . .  
Small harm for sense such harlot stirs,  
Till a lewd heart shall follow hers !—  
Unchanging laws, with Nature knit,  
Fitness decree, where fittings fit ;  
Bell-wether leads, where sheep will go—  
And where they MIGHT go—whether or no !

Bright Bob ! . . . he girds at Scripture faith ;  
Yet Scripture tales he makes his staith ;  
“ Your Bible books are frauds ! ” he jibes—  
“ Fables and fancies—writ by scribes ! ”  
And yet these books, by mortals writ ;  
Oft-times “ revised,” by mortal wit ;  
Oft in dispute, by Christian “ mind ”—  
These “ tales ” which sundry “ canons ” bind,  
Yet bind no Christian's heart—nor Jew's—  
This to accept, or that refuse ;  
Bob gulps them all !—from Jonah's whale,  
To Tamar's tricks, and Tobit's tale :  
All Scripture words, all Scripture acts,  
Our skeptic lawyer notes—as “ facts ”—

And thus—to show his legal fitness—  
He credits an—“opposing witness!”

Down with your BIBLE! . . . Wait, Bob! wait!  
What PROOFS are yours, of things you state?  
Ogling the sun, you shout, “Absurd!—  
To think it stopped at Joshua’s word!”  
Scanning the shade Isaiah saw,  
On dial reversed, you cry out, “pshaw!”  
So, then, your book-made learning pins  
YOUR faith to Kepler’s word, and spins  
Your suns and stars by Newton’s chart:  
But, when MY faith, from Christian heart,  
Sees heaven, beyond yon starry dome—  
Sure, as my soul’s eternal home—  
YOUR CREED you claim! you back YOUR hobby!  
But won’t let me ride mine! . . . Eh, Bobby?

Scripture you quote! your strident breath  
Jeers, when you quote those words: “God saith!”  
Just are your jeers!—and tears were meet—  
Blotting those words from Scripture sheet!  
For ne’er was atheist utterance made,  
Nor ever a falsehood souls bewrayed,  
More dark, more dire, with damps of death,  
Than those two lying words—“God saith!”  
When, as their context, words we read,  
Charging on God some rueful deed—!

Or, as dim lights of earthly mind  
Toward wrongs, or hates, or hurts, inclined,  
Daring, with mind's presumptuous reach,  
EVIL, in the name of good, to teach ! <sup>17</sup>

God never spake, for human creeds,  
One word which human soul misleads !  
God never voiced, by priest or seer,  
One word, which souls might doubt, or fear !  
False are all creeds, however based,  
Where aims and ends of MEN are traced ;  
Inhuman ends—self-seeking aims—  
Set forth, as heaven's exalted claims !

No ! Thou ETERNAL ONE ! whose WORD  
Made all things by Thy ONE LIFE stirred—  
Made all things by Thy ONE LIGHT known !  
Ne'er didst Thou abdicate Thy Throne !  
Sunk were my reason, in errors worse  
Than dupes of Modern Mind rehearse,  
Could soul of mine accept conceits  
Which SCIENCE oft by rote repeats,  
And preachers prop, for pulpit prinking,  
And your pert polemist calls—THINKING !

THINK ! what is Bob's brain, that he THINKS—  
More than a mule's brain—or a mink's ?

If it be only dust—enwrought,  
 For a man's brain—to yield his thought?  
 If, on each brain of dust reflect,  
 "Will-power" ALONE, makes "INTELLECT"—  
 What is Bob's brain, which mink or mule  
 May not co-mate, with Reason—at School?

But the man knows—what no man doubts—  
 "Mind" is but "Sense"—for lords or louts!  
 While flesh may feel one thrill of pain,  
 MIND is that thrill—made known to brain:  
 Bob lives! five senses owns!—or ONE sense!  
 Bob dies! and all his MIND is . . . nonsense!

Yea! the man knows! And, if he rail,  
 Let him make haste toward—"Bloomingdale!"  
 Where "lights put out" are flaring still,  
 With wildered force of madman's WILL!  
 Yea! let those "dead-lights" Reason advise,  
 How minds of mankind "think out"—LIES!  
 Let maniacs there, with king-like strut—  
 Lears in their rags—make Bob their butt!  
 Insane philosophers their "facts"  
 Cram, for his use, in "free thought" tracts!  
 Crazy inventors—Bob's own kind—  
 Ready to match him—"mind" for "mind"—  
 And, for this earth, so "botched," when made,  
 "Think out" a new one—with Bob's aid!

## FYTTE THIRD.

"PRIESTHOOD!" this priest of Baal exhorts—  
 "Hirelings! each blind-fold church supports!  
 PAID for their preachings—all and each!" . . . .  
 Well, Bob! who pays *you*, when you preach?  
 When your "new church" hangs out its lights,  
 And a full house your Reason invites?  
 When, like those "walking gents"—your peers—  
 Lusty of legs, for dusty cheers,  
 You tramp your saw-dust ways, for fees;  
 And with their word—"go as you please!"  
 Your lungs distend—your lips orate—  
 And your "gate-money" shows—your *gait*! <sup>18</sup>

I lift no word for recreant priest,  
 Whose bulk, like Bob's, by flesh increased,  
 "Lards the lean earth," what hours he sweats  
 His "holy oil," for gold he gets;  
 Gets, for no gospel preached of yore—  
 When BOANERGES gospel bore;  
 But for some sops-in-wine, from pyx,  
 "Doctored," with secret sins to mix;  
 Sweet-bread simonious, crumb by crumb,  
 And "Dead Sea grapes," his wine to stum! . . .

Nor for that priest, whose gilded brass,  
 Amalgam base, for gold may pass :  
 Pretentious priest ! by " reasoning " known,  
 Whose crimes his " reasoning " friends condone ;  
 Meshing their souls in " yarns " he spins,  
 Of " heavenly grace " for fleshly sins ;  
 His God so good, so pure, so fond—  
 All souls invoicing—" spirits in bond "—  
 " Duties " paid on them all—" church dues ! "  
 Charges defrayed by " auction'd " pews !  
 Soft seats, for earth and heaven secured !  
 " Free grace ! " . . . " life-policies " assured ! . . .  
 " Paul plants ! "—Saint Peter flings his nets,  
 World-wide—no odds, what " haul " he gets :  
 Shark, shad, or shrimp—or octopod—  
 All to be cured—preserved—for God ! . . .

So sounds that " sounding brass ! "—so rolls  
 That sounding voice—confounding souls !  
 That bulk of Mind ! . . . affronting CHRIST !  
 With Calvary's blood, for all shops priced—  
 And, for all rogues, REDEMPTION wide . . .  
 Cheap . . . as hot cross-buns . . . Eastertide !

Whilome, when classic Clement donn'd  
 His bishop's crown, for popes beyond,  
 Men worshipped GNOSIS, and enshrined  
 KNOWLEDGE as god-head—" throned on mind ! " . . .

"Searching," to "find out God," they guess'd  
 A HEAVEN, in space, by MIND possessed—  
 Girt with "emissive light," and girt,  
 Likewise, outside of Light, with—dirt !  
 Dirt, breeding demi-gods ! who form'd  
 Earth, and yon skies, from dirt—light-warm'd ;  
 Made mankind, bifold—light plus clod—  
 Each, as his light lured, fiend or god ! . . .  
 If he liked light best, light was his—  
 Or dirt . . . or both . . . might share his kiss ! . . .

So dwells this "Plymouth pulpit" sage—  
 "GNOSTIC" of our "Agnostic" age—  
 Whose prideful light wooes LOVE DIVINE,  
 Mormon-like, for his—concubine !

Sleep, LYMAN BEECHER ! Erst was heard,  
 O'er Shawmut's tri-mount spires, your word :  
 When "Park street church," by FAITH upreared,  
 Fools, as your "Brimstone Corner," jeered !  
 Fools helping rogues their ways to win ;  
 Rogues helping fools on ways of sin ;  
 Till—in yon halls of HARVARD helped—  
 "Gnosis" and "Nous" Agnostics whelped ;  
 And, from Socinian lair, leaped out,  
 Wehr-wolves of Darwinism—and Doubt ! . . .

Wherefore, these days, with bale for men,  
 Beechers and Bobs "give mouth" again ;



And Beecher's mouth, by Bob is kiss'd—  
As—"CHRISTIAN EVOLUTIONIST!"...

Fit *finis* to *finesse*! meet end  
For priest foresworn and faithless friend!  
End of his MIND! . . . . with caudle-cup,  
Still, in old age, for "sweets" held up!  
Held for some drops this world may squeeze,  
And fancying life's red wine, in—lees;  
God pity him!—this dying preacher!—  
Dying unshriven! . . . . Sleep! Lyman Beecher! <sup>19</sup>

Enough! let priest be judged as—priest!  
Bread may be soured by acrid yeast!  
And church, by priest ungodly fed,  
May, haply, share but bitter bread!  
Whereat your Bobs and Toms condemn  
Trunk, roots, and boughs, for blighted stem!  
But dumb is INJURESOUL, when tongue  
Inquires why Sabbath bells have rung,  
All Christian years?—why Moslems, yet,  
Kneel, under voice from minaret?  
Why Greeks and Romans, in their days,  
Bowed, as they witnessed priestly ways?  
Mute are your Bobs and Toms, on cause  
For "mind enthralled" by priestly laws!  
No hints they give, of church-light old,  
Warming poor souls, in slaveries cold;

Of priestly precepts lifting hearts,  
 O'er toilsome fields, o'er greedy marts !  
 Of chorals voiced, and incense burned,  
 What hours, full oft, toward temple turned,  
 Child walked with sire, in pious ways,  
 Even in those old-world heathen days ;  
 When all sweet virtues beamed in stars,  
 And hearth-fire light illumed its *lars* ;  
 And even a foe such light might share—  
 Protected by PENATES there ! . . .<sup>20</sup>

No ! INJURESOUL ! . . . nót hierarch  
 First fettered MINDS in thraldom dark ;  
 But Bobs and Toms, with swords in hands,  
 Bound manly limbs in servile bands !  
 When CADMOS rose, and snake-teeth sowed,  
 And gift of BOOKS on men bestowed ;  
 And MIND, as REASON, in lawyer brains,  
 Made title-deeds for slaves in chains ;  
 Made bills of sales for stolen soil,  
 And kingly claims to fruits of toil ;  
 And lordly rights o'er rights of men ;  
 Till hearts were pierced by sword and pen !  
 Lawyers made laws, by bullies backed ;  
 And “ thinkers ” thought, while heroes hacked,  
 Till all your “ Schools ”—from Stoas to Sorbonnes—  
 Left “ minds ” and “ bodies ” bowed by BOURBONS !

Build me up MANHOOD'S CHURCH—my way !  
 Build me up "Church and State," this day !—  
 Merchants and marts, with shops and farms,  
 And MINDS made, for all ARTS—save ARMS !  
 And, in God's Name ! this Church of Man—  
 Sharing His earth, on NATURE'S plan—  
 With children's hymns, and woman's prayers —  
 Chasing MALARIA from all airs !—  
 One LAW—all Governments above—  
 "Love one another . . . God is Love !" . .  
 This Church shall stand—as Man's reliance !  
 Smiling at INJURESOUL—and Science !

Would INJURESOUL such church commend ?  
 MANHOOD its AIM— and HEAVEN its END ! .  
 Would Bob confess this Church sufficed ? . . . .  
 Then must his REASON accept his CHRIST !—  
 For, if I read my BIBLE aright,  
 Its end, its Aim—through heavenly LIGHT—  
 One plan interprets—Nature's Plan !  
 CHRIST, as HIS CHURCH !—this "Church of Man !"   
 CHRIST, as HIS WORD—all Creeds above—  
 "Love one another ! . . . GOD IS LOVE !"

Greek bards, of SATURN'S "Golden Age"  
 Left their "ideas," on classic page :  
 Of sinless maids, and simple swains,  
 So quick with hearts, and slow with brains ;

Love-books they share, with lambs and kids,  
 Sweet eyes they read, with kiss on lids ;  
 When Strephon sighs, in Chloe's ears,  
 Soft syllables she faintly hears—  
 Conning her "books," what hours she spies  
 Their lights in Strephon's loving eyes !  
 Their married lips, preluding priest,  
 Make virgin vows for marriage feast :  
 Nor courtships close with nuptial rite—  
 From years to years their vows they plight :  
 Undreamed that day, by swain or maid,  
 Of Bob's or Tom's post-nuptial aid—  
 Aid such as, now-a-days, makes love's course  
 "Run smooth"—toward lawyers . . . and "Divorce !"

With heart-strings twined each tender troth,  
 Love, in each heart, made LIFE—for both ;  
 One hope, one faith, their fond decision—  
 Love-lives to live—in "Fields Elysian !"

Well ! was it nonsense ? . . . moonshine mist ?  
 ENDYMION dreams, by DIAN kiss'd ? . . .  
 Let censors carp ! . . . My Reason assents !—  
 Where FAITH confirms what LOVE contents,  
 Still, in this world, and world beyond,  
 Fond hopes shall reach Fruition fond !  
 Nor gospel books in vain I search  
 For Saturn's Age, in Christian Church !

Love-life on earth, for mortals best,  
 In heaven shall make immortals blest !—  
 Old Heathen hope . . . old Christian trust !  
 If it were banished ! . . . welcome dust !

Greek gods were thoughts ! . . . . Some human thought,  
 By bard express'd, by sculptor wrought,  
 Gleamed, as a marble shape, from gates  
 Of Athens, down to Sunium Straits :  
 Virtues, as gods, to goodness wooed ;  
 And sculptured vices vice subdued  
 Impulses, passions, faults, and fears,  
 Desires, contritions, prayers, and tears,  
 Joys, griefs, and graces—all wrought out,  
 For eyes to gaze at—all save DOUBT !

Tom jeered, and Bob ('tis likely,) scoff'd,  
 With cynic hard, or Sybarite soft ;  
 But the "plain people" bowed their hearts,  
 In fields, in shops, in ships, in marts !—  
 Minds led by Reason, on by-ways plodded—  
 HEARTS, in yon broad blue Heaven, saw—GODHEAD !

"Humbug !" says Bob . . . But kneeling Greeks  
 Are awed, while Voice at Delphos speaks.  
 "That oracle was false !" cries Bob ;  
 "And the whole 'racket' a 'put-up job' !"

But if those ancient Greeks were stirred  
By Delphic Voice, as Deity's word ;  
And by their Greek religion moved,  
Repentant, when that Voice reproved ;  
What, then, if Greek religion, given  
By Cecrops, hailed from hell or heaven ?  
Let it be judged by things it taught—  
Whatso on human lives it wrought !  
Tell us what prayers at shrine were prayed,  
For earthly peace—for heavenly aid ;  
For all good things which Right may share ;  
Yea, and for patience, Wrong to bear !  
Tell us what precepts priesthood gave ;  
What helps for poor—what hopes for slave !  
Tell us what Truth, from Orphic lyre,  
Rained upon souls, as heavenly fire ;  
Truth, with its deep, mysterious pith  
Concealed in geode of rugged myth :  
Tell us—as light from IRIS tells—  
How fires are stirred where moisture swells ;  
What " facts of science," in Labor's murk,  
Shine out of VULCAN's wondrous work ;  
When with his Force, all things to tame,  
He halts—like human laborers—lame !

False was that old Greek polytheism ! . . .  
Yea, Bob ! . . . but never AGNOSTICISM !

"Agnosticism !" — No verbal coin  
 Nonsense to sense did e'er conjoin,  
 Like this new word, which lures, to-day,  
 Souls from all shrines of Faith to stray ! . . .  
 "ATHEIST" at least, to corpse-like wit,  
 (Like Hamlet's gravedigger's,) might fit ;  
 And a poor dolt, who bears the name,  
 May "reason" allege, to found his claim !  
 But, for these "Know-nought" prigs, whose prates  
 Patter like pence on pewter plates—  
 (When to church-air their sound laments,  
 That sound can add no worth to cents !) —  
 Agnostics ! . . . wherefore dwell such dudes ? —  
 Skin-less, like eels, which knife denudes ! —  
 Squirming all slime-ways lamprey squirms,  
 Yet still denying their epiderms !  
 Human conundrums, Bob ! — past doubt —  
 "No fellow, weally, can find out !" . . .  
 Glass-eyed, doll-faced, in wax designed —  
 Stiff at their loins, but caoutchouc-spined !  
 Their "mind's eyes" blind, with *amaurosis*,  
 And each snub nose turned up — at GNOSIS !

Agnosticism ! — as if man's wits,  
 Wind-blown, could bridled be, with bits !  
 When WILL itself on SENSE awaits ;  
 Sense, entered through ten thousand gates !

"AGNOSTIC!"—yea with sense subjunct,  
 Nerves atrophied, desires defunct!  
 But not while life shall light retain,  
 Imprint on "volume of my brain!"—  
 LIGHT, by an idiot not less wist!  
 Wind-woven light, by senses kiss'd;  
 Fire-illumed air-flows, unconfined,  
 Yielding all sentient things their—mind!  
 Mind, for yon troutling, lured to fate—  
 Mind, for that writhing worm, its bait;  
 Mind, for this protozoan—alert,  
 With cilia—yea, this lymph inert,  
 Which stirs beneath my searching sight,  
 Sentient, in microscopic light! . . .

"Pah!—'tis unconscious life which stirs!"  
 Quickly your quibble of books avers!  
 What shall rejoinder be?—not caustic!  
 Well, then! let's call our worm—"AGNOSTIC!"<sup>21</sup>

Greece had no glass eyes!—Grecian sage  
 Saw stars, as Grecian babe, that age;  
 When seers, with Nature's mind—like Job's—  
 Pleiades named, nor dreamed of—"globes;"  
 No glass retort's malarious lees  
 Showed "gas"—for Anaximines!  
 No "eye-piece" posed, in "object glass,"  
 "Atoms"—for Anaxagoras! . . .<sup>22</sup>



Yet, in good sooth, our modern lore  
 By many a Greek was pondered o'er ;  
 By many a Roman was dismiss'd,  
 As "cranky" . . . . with good reason, I wist !

Greek brains or Saxon brains—what odds ?  
 MIND makes your *cultus*—makes its gods !  
 Show me those ancient Greeks, agreed,  
 In their own Greek way, on ONE Creed !  
 In their Greek way, on one Idea—  
 That Jupiter was born of Rhea,  
 And Jupiter was GOD ! . . . . who cares  
 If Bob his doubts of "godhead" airs ?  
 Who recks, if Jove and Rhea be myth  
 Less proved than Smithson born of Smith ?  
 Still, o'er Olympian hills, and higher  
 Than sun and stars, shall Greeks aspire—  
 Their ZEUS to claim, and name, and frame ;  
 With all "god-attributes" the same !

And tribes of Greeks shall offerings bring ;  
 And tribes of Greeks shall pœans sing :  
 And the ALL-FATHER, o'er each shrine,  
 Shall answer FAITH with LIGHT DIVINE ;  
 Shall answer HOPE, with REST above ;  
 Shall answer CHARITY—with LOVE !

Yea ! I believe ! . . . And "Golden Age"  
 No seer has limned, on brightest page,

No bard has sung, in sweetest lays,  
 Might come, for these, our modern days,  
 Could Christian souls, all creeds above,  
 Break bread together, in Christian love !  
 If souls as souls, and hearts as hearts,  
 In homes, in streets, in fields, in marts ;  
 Minds in each other's eyes to read—  
 Hearts by each other's lips to lead—  
 Might live that loving life which waits,  
 For a few weeks, on married mates ;  
 Till the poor souls, from mutual thrills,  
 Turn—to “ make up their minds !”—as WILLS !  
 Wills making ways, till heart from heart—  
 As REASON allures it—walks apart :  
 With WILLS of women, and WILLS of men !—  
 So the world wags its ways again ! . . .  
 Love-lights lit up, for transient glints,  
 Quick-won, quick-gone, as sparks on flints !  
 “ Ashes of roses ! . . . “ ash-fire ” tame ! . . .  
 Sad sequels left, of sacred flame !  
 Wherefore poor Hymen croons his dole,  
 For altars reft of burning coal ;  
 And his pure torch-light soon expires !  
 Wherefore we lose rare opal-fires,  
 Sweet human souls might shed—through MIND—  
 If lives were lived, as LOVE designed !

Bob says his “ REASON enthroned ” aspires  
 To make such lives, and light such fires !

Give him *carte blanche*, he'll soon control  
 "Free Minds" to THINK—like INJURESOUL!

He'll kill all creeds, and shame all shams;  
 Sweet-hearted wolves shall wet-nurse lambs;  
 Lawyers file pleas in courts of Love;  
 Pot-politicians brood—like dove! . . .  
 BOB says he'll do it!—by CHANCE or MIS-chance!  
 Bravo! Bob! . . . Do it! . . . We'll all be—CHRISTIANS!

Oh! man of REASON!—His hand on heart,  
 And his tongue tuned to sophist art!  
 He talks of home-love! wife love! joys!  
 Felt by fond sire of girls and boys:  
 He vaunts—yea, in his atheist haunts—  
 Of his own skeptic children, vaunts! . . .  
 Brags of his boys, by Reason illumed;  
 And of his girls, as flowers, perfumed,  
 With all sweet scents, which Bob's *parlerre*,  
 Under Bob's light, may yield for air!—  
 Kissing his rose-bud babes, who sip  
 Fond love, from skeptic mother's lip;  
 Love, such as lips of woman impart,  
 With never a prayer to stir her heart!  
 With never a whispered hope, to say:  
 "Please God! we'll kiss in Heaven—some day!" . . .

All the old gods have gone! . . . Men made  
 Greek gods like Greeks! . . . God-making trade

Is aptly learned, where forgers lurk,  
By fire-damp forge, with REASON at work !  
Four thousand years ago, Joe Smith  
Had thought out gods from Mormon stith ;  
Five thousand years ago, when Bob  
In Yemen dwelt, he thought out OB !—  
And, at posterior periods,  
Made Syrian, Grecian, Roman, gods !  
All wrought by “ THINKERS ! ”— Bobs about !  
Scheming with Toms ! to stir up — DOUBT !  
Doubt of their father’s patriarch claim,  
On household shrine to kindle Flame !  
Doubt of their mother’s trust, untaught !  
Beyond her husband’s prayerful thought !  
Doubt of their sister’s faith — that FIRE  
Made all pure things toward Heaven aspire !  
Her silver lily lamps lit up ;  
Poured red light in her rose’s cup ;  
Her jasmine cressets nightly filled,  
With fragrant shine, by stars distilled ;  
And, with all hues of sunset tinge,  
Tinted her tulip’s turban fringe ;  
And, with all glows of morn-light, kiss’d  
Her violet’s lips of amethyst ;  
And all bright stars of azure skies  
Reflected in her daisy’s eyes ! . . .

“ Child-fancies ! ”— INJURESOUL may say ;  
And why should Reason her reign delay ?

When Bob was there — and Tom !—wise louts !  
Flirting at FLAME their fire-damp doubts !

Tom says to Bob ; “ I THINK I’ll drop  
Connection with the old man’s shop !  
See the old fool, Bob !—on his knees !  
Not any prayer for me, Bob ! please ! . . .  
I’m a FREE THINKER !” . . . . . Soh ! ’ twas hatched !  
EGG, out of Reason and Mind — co-matched !  
Bob’s crude conceit — from Tom’s “ idea !”—  
Egg of an “ Isis,” “ Nox,” or “ Rhea !”  
And Rhea — plus Saturn ! Mother and Sire !  
And then — why, then . . . . to HELL with FIRE !  
To HEAVEN Apollo !— Juno !— Zeus !—  
Pluto below —(to “ play the Deuce !”)—  
Bacchus for Tom !— Venus for Bob !  
Hesiod historian of their job ! . . . .  
A New Religion — based on DOUBT ! . . .  
And the old FIRE-GOD — “ down and out !” . . .

Yea ! Bobs and Toms ! with “ minds advanced !”  
Played the old god-game, as they “ chanced !”  
PRIEST never cast off coals from shrine —  
Priest never quenched his Flame Divine :  
BOB made those gods of sticks and stones,  
His work—“ played out ”— he now disowns !

But, when he “ thought out” marble and wood,  
That old FIRE FAITH was ne’er subdued !

Priesthoods he named, and shrines he built,  
Ox-blood and sheep-blood widely spilt ;  
But the OLD FAITH in FLAME survived ;  
Where nomads roved, or nations hived ;  
Bob's " mind " for each new god found name ;  
But on each shrine dwelt SACRED FLAME !  
And ever, as men their gods adored,  
With flames upsoaring, souls upsoared !  
And wheresoever dwelt worshipper,  
FIRE, and its emblems, worshipped were ! <sup>23</sup>

## FYTTE FOURTH.

How grandly low ! how broadly bright,  
This arch-way, under walls of Night,  
Whereunto bows fond mother's heart,  
When cradle's lace her lips dispart,  
And on her sleeping babe's repose,  
Her prayerful breath like fragrance flows !  
Gateway of faith ! this cradle's arch,  
Where infant thoughts begin their march !  
Well were it willed by manly men,  
If childly minds were theirs again !  
Well, if our lofty LIGHT might know  
LOVE—like a mother's !—grandly low !

FIRE FAITH of old ! . . . How simply taught !  
PRAYER—in ascendant FLAME—its thought !  
That FLAME which erst Pythagoras felt,  
When with Egyptian sage he knelt,  
And in Crotonian shades concealed,  
His " Central Flame " by Heaven revealed !  
Oh ! not for nought, from age to age,  
From clime to clime, from sage to sage,  
From cult to cult, from pen to pen,  
Descends and dwells this LIGHT with men !  
Oh ! not for nought, o'er earliest shrine,  
Spirals upflamed, as tongues divine :

Tongues without words !—nor words required,  
When souls, with mounting flames, aspired.

Diverse as minds, have human clans  
Made “ gods ”—for blessings and for bans :  
But with ONE FAITH o’er all !—that FIRE  
Ascends, where HUMAN HOPES aspire !

Skeptic !—with fire-damp on your lips,  
You mould your mind to quibbling quips !  
You paint your pottery with all hues  
Bright sunshine sheds on tinted dews ;  
And, with ceramic skill, all days,  
You fire-gild, under fire-damp blaze !  
Yea ! with your mental heats, you print  
Fire-damp on rhetoric, till it glint !  
But, Bob ! . . . that phosphor of your brain—  
Rocket-shot, for pyrotic rain—  
Whence is it, when you call it—WIT ?  
Whither its way, Bob ? . . . Follow it ! . . .  
And with your brain-pan upward turned,  
Show me—what no man yet discerned—  
Pathway of LIGHT, by nerve or brain,  
Aught than by wire’s electric vein :  
Path out of brain, for MIND it makes,  
Aught than for likeness limner takes ;  
When, with an ink of iodine,  
LIGHT prints your features, line by line ! . . .



Follow your brain-light Bob ! and if—  
 Like photograph or logogryph—  
 Your “reason enthroned” some NEWS would write,  
 Tell us why every atom of light,  
 In all yon heaven of air, still floats,  
 A “common carrier,” Bob !— of *motes* !  
 And, if you question why I ask,  
 I’ll answer, that no mote could bask  
 In beam, nor ever an atom of aught  
 Save heavenly LIGHT, subsist in THOUGHT,  
 Till Bobs and Toms, at THINKING trade,  
 In yon pure heaven MALARIA made !  
 Poisoned all airs, by poisoning breath,  
 All quick seed sowed with germs of death,  
 All soils, all seas, all AIRS, to smite,  
 And FIRE-DAMP make, from HEAVENLY LIGHT !

Tom Paine is dead ! . . . . “Poor Tom’s a-cold !”  
 But his light lurks o’er grave-yard mould ;  
 His corpse-light, saltant still, from crypt  
 Of “dead men’s bones,” to glare in script ;  
 Or print—on brain so dark that ink  
 Its murk illumines—those words : “I think !”

“COGITO ! ERGO SUM !” . . . . Sad psalm !  
 Sad summing up . . . . “I THINK !—I AM !”  
 Bewildered thought SPINOZA spoke,  
 Ere his poor heart, mind-ridden, broke,

When from Cartesian ink he made  
 All the "white light" his Reason arrayed :  
 Then, like DES CARTES, of DEITY reft,  
 Doubted, and died !—his MIND still left,  
 Aslant, with blurred, strabismic glint !  
 Through German mind, and German print !—  
 So dunce in gown may boast he thinks  
 Long words, by nouns, like sausage-links ;  
 And *bursch*, bestriding beer-keg, leer  
 Through ground-glass eyes, and shout—"More beer ! . . .  
 Free thinkers we ! For TRUTH we fight !  
 Der Mensch ist Gott ! . . . More beer !—More LIGHT !"

"Who drinks beer, thinks beer !" . . . Cynic's word !  
 Nor without reason of cynic, stirred !  
 When Mind, acclaimed as "German Mind,"  
 To axis tied, like mill-horse blind,  
 Drops from its nose-bag corn to plant,  
 From grist, as old, and sour as—KANT ;  
 While the old mildewed mill-wheel drips  
 Bavarian beer, for *burschen* lips ;  
 And the old *bursch* (betimes *Herr Graff*,)  
 Still drinks his corn, and thinks his chaff ! . . .  
 So much for "GERMAN MIND !" . . . What, then, sir ?  
 What's English Mind ? . . . Ask HERBERT SPENCER !

Yea ! ask ! . . . and if, to help your sight,  
 In boastful "Nineteenth Century Light,"

Bob INJURESOUL shall thrust his torch  
 Through shadows of some temple-porch ;  
 Flirting his fire-damp, till it drips  
 On pulpit where some skeptic skips—  
 Well ! 'tis but bartery ! Bob shall send  
 Fire back, for fire which pulpits lend :  
 When, with their " New Lights " flaring far,  
 Fire-damp they flaunt at Bethlehem Star !  
 Fire-damp they fizzle at Sinai's Flame—  
*Tuum est*, Bob !—Fire-damp ! . . . . File your claim !

Ask Herbert Spencer !—Huxley ask !  
 From English " Free Thought " tear each mask ;  
 Featured in fashion of modern church,  
 Pinning its FAITH to pulpit perch ! . . .

Yea ! of your parish priest inquire,  
 What baleful blare, of doctrines dire,  
 Frightens poor souls, as yet unsoiled—  
 While monstrous things, which erst gargoyled  
 Only an outside wall, now grin,  
 Ghastly, your Christian church within !  
 Doctrines in heaven's affront extant  
 This day, out-mouthing atheist rant—  
 Out-brazening, in oppugnant war,  
 On Scripture questionless before,  
 All atheist slander, sent to jag us,  
 Since Bob wore mask, as SIMON MAGUS !

God help us ! . . . Sixty centuries count  
Lost years, from Time's primeval Fount !  
And, in their runs and races, brains  
And minds have bred ! . . . but, with what gains ?  
Brains breeding books, in minds of men ;  
Books breeding minds from brains again !  
Brain unto brain, breed unto breed ;  
An " Age of Reason ! " at last, to lead ;  
And our poor Race, on race-course sod,  
Brain-ridden by REASON—astray from God !

And never an Age was known, I wot,  
Riper than ours, for ruin and rot !  
And never a race-course, run for gold,  
Was staked, like ours—to be OUT-SOULED ;  
When its last limping league is lapped ;  
And its last man lies handicapped ;  
And its LAST JUDGE awards, one day,  
" The Devil his dues," and " Hell to pay ! "

Race-course of REASON ! . . . Arena wide,  
For race with race to wriggle and ride !  
Monkeys and men, for equal stakes,  
Entered, abreast with toads and snakes !  
All flesh, all fish, all creeping things,  
Matched, for this race toward Psyche's wings :  
Each, when its legs shall goal afar win,  
Promised BOB'S MIND, and—SOUL of DARWIN !

SOUL for such Race !—"evolved " from brute !  
 And in brute kinds kept involute !—  
 Soul, that in shell-cell of zo-oid ;  
 Soul, that in embryo spermatoid,  
 Soul, that from no primordial source,  
 Save slime, self-seminate, drew force ;  
 Unless—to seed down SOUL in worms,  
 God entered embryo zoō-sperms ;  
 God became larvæ—sex and sex—  
 And venomous insects, multiplex !  
 Of His Own Will.....to make this earth  
 His *Anima Mundi* !....birth on birth,  
 Procreate to die—yet, from its grave,  
 Resurgent—with a SOUL to save ! ....  
 This the New Word, by Beecher wist—  
 Our—"CHRISTIAN Evolutionist !" — " "

SOUL ! for that draggie of DARWIN ! chipp'd  
 From eggs in vapory void, and slipped  
 Through seas of slime, toward genesis :  
 To crawl in snail—in snake to hiss ;  
 As owl to hoot, as wolf to bark ;  
 And to devour, as swine and shark ;  
 Till, with a leap, from crouching ape,  
 Beast enters man, in DARWIN shape !  
 Matter, from mire and mollusk wrought,  
 DARWIN "evolved !" —with Darwin thought !—

“Progress!” and “March of Mind!”—from flux  
Serosé . . . . God help us! . . . “FIAT LUX!”

“Progress!”—through spume, and spoor, and spawn,  
Self-sprent, for bestial bone and brawn;  
Self-shent, for heats of pulsing vein,  
From saurian spine to simian brain:  
Till the last laps gorillas ran,  
And the last beast “evolved” was—MAN!  
Man! by all-procreant pulp designed,  
To “eat, drink, love!”—and breed—New Mind!

DARWIN! . . . . What protoplasm of mud  
Corpuscles gave, for Calvary’s blood?  
What bestial broods, through DAVID’s line,  
“Developed,” arose—as MAN DIVINE?  
“GOD-MAN!”—whose WORD for us was said:  
“This is my BODY!—’tis your BREAD!” . . . .  
So now, good souls communion make—  
Bread-sharing—for their SAVIOUR’s sake!  
Yea!—with His sweet WORD understood—  
Sharing His EARTH—in BROTHERHOOD!  
Is it “MATERIALISM” I note? . . . .  
Is it “MATERIALISM” I quote? . . . .  
When, with Saint PAUL, mine eyes are seeing:  
“In HIM we live!—MOVE!—have our BEING!”

Darwin is dead! In dust he sleeps!  
His dust a Christian church-pile keeps;

All that is left of him, good sooth !  
If gospel that he spake were truth !  
Dean STANLEY, o'er the dead man's dust,  
Recalled his FAITH—his "Christian Trust !" . . .

But if he owned a SOUL, which owned  
GOD-HEAD, o'er heaven and earth enthroned ;  
If—before all his seas of slime,  
And all their spawn of grume and grime,  
And all their monstrous progenies—  
His Faith discerned Divine Decrees ;  
How could his REASON escape from thought  
More monstrous than the shapes he sought ?  
That the OMNIPOTENT WILL had shent  
His God-Soul into slime—had lent  
His God-Life, to make monsters live ?  
Yea, His IMMACULATE LIFE—to give  
Birth unto Matter of bestial life ;  
Life to devour, in dreadful strife ;  
Till the last saurian shape dies out ;  
And Huxley heaps its bones, . . . and DOUBT  
Handicaps REASON—at Darwin's goal :  
And the Devil appears . . . as INJURESOUL !

Doctrine for Christians ! Doctrine sped  
From clime to clime, these days, and spread,  
From church to church ! . . . and yet no schism  
Voices that word—"MATERIALISM !" . . .

That word so dread for tender souls,  
 Whose wings of bats, and eyes of moles,  
 Flop up to stars, squint into mud ;  
 Whose lips salvation preach, through blood ;  
 Preach CHRIST INCARNATE ! yet, with fright,  
 Shrink back from flash of gospel light !  
 Shrink from that LIGHT for blinded eyes,  
 Which erst were oped—in glad surprise—  
 When CHRIST anointed them—with clay—  
 And MIND its MAKER knew that day ! . . .

Blind BARTIMEUS ! your Christian trust  
 Is mine ! . . . My GOD I see—through DUST !

“ DARWIN ” ( “ Dean Stanley ” sighed ) “ is dead ! ”  
 Dead is Dean STANLEY ! . . . Seals of lead,  
 Haply, may press down pulp of brains ;  
 But REASON arises, above all chains !  
 Wings out of lead she plumes, and pipes  
 Phoenix-song, with her printer's types !  
 Bob “ sized ” his job, when “ Reason enthroned  
 On the world's Mind,” as god he owned !  
 Shrewd Bob ! who cocks his eyes at books  
 Which Christian preachers quote—and looks,  
 Askance, at skeptics on their knees ;  
 And winks . . . ( like Mephistopheles ! ) . . .

And if Bob sneers, when Christian pews  
 Tenantless, here and there, he views ;



And if he smiles, when Christian book  
 Helps him, with slurs at Pentateuch ;  
 And if he grins, when Christian priest  
 Accepts himself half-man half-beast ;  
 Laugh, ATHEIST ! and your REASON extol ! . . .  
 Skeptics ! exult ! . . . . Laugh, INJURESOUL ! <sup>25</sup>

Race-track of DARWIN ! widest course,  
 Lapp'd in all years, by man or horse ;  
 " Pedigrees ! " " books ! " and " field ! " fore-stalled :  
 " Studs " in full start, ere TIME was called !  
 What, now, if REASON of his—escaped  
 From flesh—survive, in MIND he shaped ?  
 Shall it race on, with life's intents,  
 Hot-pressed, as foolscap filaments ?—  
 Their fungous sporules apt again  
 To breed fresh MIND in brains of men ! . . .  
 Soothly I say ! . . . Who says me *nil*,  
 Denies Darwinian progress-mill !  
 All-procreant PULP its ways may wind—  
 Subsuming moulds, subtending mind :  
 Pulp to conceive, and Pulp to plan—  
 Mud and Mammalia !—Mind and Man !  
 Donkey and Darwin ! . . . why not ink—  
 Pens—paper !—and some pulp, to THINK ?

Light badinage ! for subject sad !  
 Yet in this light age not so bad :

Bad light for sad light still shows way ;  
 As foetid fumes precede decay :  
 Sad light enough is ours—from wombs  
 To graves—like moonshine showing tombs ;  
 Moonshine from cloud-rift—gloom and gleam—  
 Till earth like moon-lit grave-yard seem !—  
 Wise minds are mirthful ! Griefs enough,  
 With frowns of brows, our joys rebuff !  
 Wherefore, with sense, might INJURESOUL,  
 Make his wit wise—not less than droll ;  
 Forefending doleful day foreenst him ;  
 Hell-fire no joke ! and—“ laugh against him ! ”

Light versus dark—Life against Death !—  
 “ Eat honey ! ” wise king Solomon saith :  
 “ Eat of it, son ! because 'tis good ! ” . . .  
 So, by the bees well understood,  
 Seeking for sweet-bread makes them wise ;  
 So, with white wax, they thicken thighs,  
 And sip up serous flows of flowers,  
 Featly effusing sweets from sours !  
 Wherefore wise wits resemble bees—  
 Wooing bright WISDOM—on their knees ! . . .  
 And, if my words, light-laden, lilt,  
 As flimsy foil, on lance in tilt—  
 And if I lightly poise my lance—  
 Yet is my FIGHT still—“ *à l'outrance !* ”

## FYTTE FIFTH.

Wolf-eyes in wolf-den, dimly seen ;  
Lynx-eyes, in greenwood, softly green ;  
Eyes of all seers of light may gleam,  
Repugnant, or with winsome beam !  
Eyes are but orbs, for man or lynx ;  
'Tis brain, behind them, throbs, and—THINKS !

Yea ! in each lynx-brain, as in man's,  
'Tis LIGHT by brain reflect, which plans ;  
Plans and preludes—or, with quick thrill,  
Lightning-like, " makes up mind "—as WILL !  
Brain lobe and brain lobe, batteries twain ;  
Twain every nerve-pair, coiled in brain ;  
Twain, as in twins of SIAM, each pair—  
Yet, as two, woven in one, they bear  
Glows of electric heats—their LIGHT !—  
Quick, as when steel on stone you smite !  
Even as quick heats, from acid fires,  
Burn, with an unseen light, on wires :  
Or, from discarded cinders, pass  
'Through leagues of tubes, to gleam—as gas ! 26

Tell me, ye " minds advanced ! " . . . Discourse,  
FARADAY ! and make answer, MORSE !

If, now, as SOULS OF LIGHT, ye live—  
 Whence are these unseen heats, which give  
 Light, to make words on wires outspeed?  
 Light to make prints of thoughts we read;  
 Light of our music—and light of art;  
 And light, from veins, to stir each heart;  
 And light from nerves, when vein and vein,  
 Heat-kissed, distend, with mind and brain?  
 When eye-balls shine, and arteries throb—  
 Heart swells! and... “BRAVO! well done, BOB!”

Bob did it all! . . . His force of WILL—  
 Power of ideas! forensic skill:  
 Mind-making heart-throbs! Reason on high,  
 Enlightening brain, and lightening eye!  
 This MORTAL! dying as dust, to-night—  
 He makes his LIFE! . . . he makes his LIGHT! . . .  
 And the man's REASON, in grand reliance,  
 Says it is BRAIN-POWER! . . . So says—SCIENCE!

Power—'tis a word so easily said!  
 Light!—'tis a sheen so softly shed;  
 Beaming by days, on door-sill bright,  
 Nor welcome less in beams by night;  
 Nor, when it gleams in shining stars,  
 More distant than in fire-grate bars! . . .  
 One Fount, exhaustless, yielding spires,  
 For lambent heats, and fulgent fires;

ONE SOURCE, all circling, shimmering rays  
 For sapphire's glow, and bonfire's blaze ;  
 ONE INFINITE LIGHT ! Eternal WOMB—  
 Whence Life, Love, Power, all things illume ;  
 And whence—His Universe to frame—  
 He came, who spake from Sinai's flame !

STARS ! in your courses !—and thou SUN !  
 Circling, to shine all climes upon !  
 Might ye your astral mysteries write,  
 For seers of stars, with SINAI'S LIGHT ;  
 How would this Light of ours, from ink,  
 Vanish, and all our book-pulp shrink !...

Then would sweet childhood's Faith make wise ;  
 And Reason, as WISDOM, heavenward rise !  
 Child-eyes, once more, in old-time ways,  
 See dancing suns, on Easter days ;  
 While GRAVITY—by jokes upset—  
 Kissing " Cohesion "—(sad coquette !)  
 And kissed by her, with wifely love,  
 Might leave sweet stars to laws above ;  
 Nor, with confused, inconstant action,  
 Divorce " Repulsion " from " Attraction !"

Well ! is it quibble or quirk of wits—  
 Like Bob's—I write, and cry Bob quits ?...

Shall I my jingling coins of words  
Flip up—as Bob at SCRIPTURE girds?

No ! gracious LIGHT ! . . . If lilt of mine  
Turn, but one step, from touch of thine,  
Weak were mine eyes, and faint my heart,  
Conscious, through FAITH, of ALL thou art ! . . .  
For though my humor, as reason avers,  
May game-cock spur, when game-cock spurs,  
My ways, from Bob's, are wider apart  
Than earth from Mars, on stellar chart :  
And if, with wanton will, these days,  
Snake-like, he coiled not in my ways ;  
If, by his sibillate breath eject, .  
His froth had not my pathway flecked,  
Ne'er had I written, as cap for scroll,  
Name of ill-portent . . . “ INJURESOUL ! ”

Tired of some playthings Manhood drops,  
As children throw down dolls and tops ;  
Fond of some other toys men keep,  
Like children, till they drop to sleep ;  
Heedful, some hour, of hearse which pass'd,  
Or of “ dead march ” with “ flags half-mast ; ”  
John Doe observes, to Richard Roe :  
“ Well, well ! THAT road we ALL must go ! ”  
And Richard nods, with visage glum,  
And mutters, “ Yes ! OUR turn will come ! ” . . .

And the next thought these "thinkers" think,  
 Is, "John, suppose we have—a drink!"  
 Then, with a drink their night begun—  
 "Let's go hear INJURESOUL—for fun!"

'Tis an old story! Bob with Tom  
 "MIND making," in all Christendom!  
 LIKE unto LIKE still quickly draws;  
 All things subserving Nature's laws.

Dick, without John could scarcely think;  
 Tom sings, with Bob, like bob-o'-link!  
 "Like unto like!" . . . 'Tis PRIMAL LAW!  
 Caw! croaks your rook, and crows all caw:  
 Each "reasoning" crow conclusion draws—  
 Yet none, for croaks, assign "first caws!" . . .

So your sly raven, alert with "mind,"  
 Gets himself cawcus'd by his—kind;  
 Cocks his wise eyes, with sidewise head—  
 His "nest well feathered," crop well fed—  
 Croaks o'er his crony crows, by night,  
 All hours, till cock-crow welcomes LIGHT:  
 And your poor bat-blind birds, with blink,  
 "Make up their minds" to flit—and THINK! . . .  
 Self-same effects from "cause" are BOB'S!  
 Crows and free-thinkers croak in mobs;  
 As cats, by nights, on out-house flats,  
 "Make up their minds," and make more cats!

Shape me some curious clock-work thing!—  
Like human nerves, make spring with spring :  
Fire-force give heart, and breath give lung ;  
Give cunning hands, and craft of tongue ;  
All helps for organism designed—  
Could you endow that thing with mind ? <sup>27</sup>

Brightly on burnished brass, all days,  
Even wintry sunshine seems to blaze :  
But when through airs no light-rays pass,  
What sheen shall shine on front of brass ?  
Shut Bob from books—his memory marred —  
His mind from all SENSATION barred—  
Where, then, those LIGHTS, his brain to prink ?  
Where would be Bob's brave boast—" I THINK ? "

When copperas, in your battery burns,  
With zinc-bloom—and your SCIENCE learns  
To write out thoughts, in sulphide fires—  
Connecting brains by cable-wires—  
Tell us what makes " ideas " for Watts,  
Morse, Fulton—and all other " thoughts ? "

Are sulphide fires, from vapory rift,  
Shot suddenly as lightning swift ?  
What is this Power of Mind which stirs  
" Great men, " and great men's worshippers ?



What motive-power, on student's brain,  
"Like lightning," makes his problem plain?  
What is it, upon this mind, or that,  
Thrills, as musician's "sharp" or "flat"—  
Quivers, as painter's shade or light?—  
Flashes for bard some image bright,  
Or, for a child, makes queer conceits?  
Is it from sulphides? copperas heats?—  
In heart, lung, liver, and pulsing brains?  
So that, while HEAT glows, MIND remains?

Tell me, if ever an arctic chill  
Could cramp a traveller's homeward will?  
Or if an ice-cold shiver of death,  
While it yet spared his lapsing breath,  
Could quench in brain this mental spark,  
Conscious of LIGHT—till all grows—*dark?*

Why is it, on dissolution's brink,  
While conscious life remains—you THINK?  
And your last thought—or prayer or scoff—  
Stops with your final breath—choked off?

What makes? what takes? and why do breath,  
Pulse, heart-beat, brain-light, wait for death?—  
Instant their lapse—all gone, together:  
Gone!—and your REASON exuded! . . . . Whither?

Men's minds! . . . . Six thousand years, or less,  
Have cocked up "Inner Consciousness!"  
Perked up and pranked out minds of men,  
With tricks of speech, and tricks of pen :  
And still—from MIND's ideal deeps—  
Greek "NOUS" or German "GEIST" up creeps ;  
Pedants entwisting thoughts on brains,  
As worms encyst their silken skeins ;  
And still each dying brain-worm weaves,  
With leaves of books for mulberry leaves ;  
And brain-worms crawl from mind to mind,  
And still their silken shrouds they wind :  
From lands to lands they leave their trails ;  
Devouring their own dead—like snails !

Grey pulp of brain—lobe lapping lobe !  
Come, with your skill, O ! surgeon !—probe  
These ganglia of a brain-pan cleft ;  
And tell what tracks of thoughts are left !  
What prints of Cæsar's mind remain ;  
What quips and quirks of Yorick's brain ? . . .

Adown that gland your scalpel glides ;  
This optic nerve your fleam divides ;  
Your lens is laid on turgid mesh  
Of knotted nerves and flaccid flesh ;  
Your mind intent, your searching gaze,  
Patient to pierce posthumous maze ! . . .

Labyrinth of Brain ! . . . But where is—Mind ?  
What trace of Thought, by Thinkers lined,  
From books to brain, from brain to books ? . . .  
Ah ! you may scrape these cranial nooks !  
But by what blind-man's noctograph  
Read you the brains of man or calf ?  
All their electric fires are dark !  
Not even one feeble phosphor spark  
Hints of those telegrams, which told  
Of heats, in batteries now cold !

Surgeon ! step back !—Withdraw your blade !  
No messages are hence conveyed ! . . .  
Nor all inquisitive eyes of men,  
With glass-eyed Science, in aid of ken ;  
Nor all concentrate lights of Art,  
Flashed upon brains, by book or chart,  
Shall steer mankind, o'er darkling deeps,  
While REASON its old "dead reckoning" keeps !<sup>28</sup>

## FYTTE SIXTH.

Be SCIENCE honored !—Hand and tongue  
 Mark mankind only ! . . . Bells are rung  
 By hands for birth of hands ! Man's breath  
 Makes known to men his thoughts—till death !  
 Mollusk is moved by SENSE . . . and apes,  
 Standing erect in men-wise shapes,  
 Tongues have, and mow at us ! yea, birds,  
 Apt with both mind and tongue, make words !  
 Mind moulds a commonwealth for bees ;  
 And your wise beavers—like Chinese—  
 Raft-houses build, and “ pay no rent ; ”  
 ( Example shrewd for malcontent ! )

But, of all minds, I pray you, ask,  
 What beast has ever, in task on task,  
 Varied through lives, and thought with thought—  
 Broadening its ways, in works it wrought—  
 Made soils and seeds, and ores, conduct  
 Through toils, through arts, toward—usufruct ?  
 What paws, what claws, what apt antennæ,  
 Move, like man's HAND—to “ turn a penny ? ”

Hand for all Handicrafts ! . . . . and Tongue,  
 Taught by no human MIND . . . . but hung

Like an eolian harp, in airs,  
 Thrilled, as by angels . . . . "unawares !"  
 What "power of mind"—what "reasoning" will—  
 An infant moves—its tongue to thrill?  
 Making one word !—one prayer-word rather !—  
 "AB-BA !" a child's first utterance ! . . . "FATHER !" <sup>29</sup>

Be Science honored ! . . . MIND OF MEN !  
 In order of battle, as tongue and pen !—  
 And if it fight for fustian cause,  
 Claiming to stand by NATURE's laws ;  
 And, on its shield of LIGHT aloft,  
*Bar sinister* be borne full oft,  
 Still in its wars I recognize  
 Fair fields of fight, for brave emprise ;  
 Though on its flags, uplift from sod,  
 Fire-damp I mourn, affronting God ! . . .  
 Still, as its pageants pass, I see  
 Full many a chief on bending knee ;  
 And prayers I hear, from foremost men,  
 Inspiring feats of tongue and pen !—

Kepler's clear trust in GOD, TRIUNE,  
 Plumes his false faith in magnet-moon ;  
 Newton's high hopes, when dying, he felt  
 All prides, like wings of Icarus, melt ;  
 And his reliance alone, that hour,  
 "Attraction" of an Unknown Power :

Power of that "UNKNOWN GOD," whose thrill  
Greek felt, with Hebrew, on Mars' Hill !  
Power which, in atom of earth or sky—  
Power which, in feather, or cloud on high—  
Power which, on MIND and REASON, awaits ;  
Nor ever aborts, nor ever abates :  
Yet, in its unseen, unsought FORCE,  
Unknown to NEWTON—as to his horse !

Mind of Mankind ! . . . What seer or sage  
Shall think out THOUGHT's initial page ?  
Seers of all stars ! what star-shine bright  
Shall flood for you such realms of LIGHT,  
That, with your MIND's omniscient span,  
Founts of all star-beams you may scan ?—  
And find, beyond all "gates ajar"—  
Epiphanies for sun and star ? . . .

SPACE is your theme !—Our minds you daze,  
With thoughts of worlds in endless maze !  
Space you conceive, which swallows bounds ;  
And Space you crowd with circus-grounds ;  
Worlds upon wheels, for wild goose whirls ;  
Axle-turned orbs, in swaying swirls :  
Systems built up, with LAWS to aid them !  
But where, O ! SCIENCE ! is HE who made them ?

I ask you this ! . . . My MIND would learn  
What SOUL should seek—as soul's concern !

Where is my MAKER of stars, ye seers ?  
Ye shòw me plans ! . . . and planispheres !—  
Show me His HOUSE ! ye sages bright !  
God's House, of Scripture ! “ DWELLING in LIGHT ! ”

Good minds I reverence !—REASON and MIND !—  
When made by MAN, as GOD designed !—  
Made of white light, from Heaven that came,  
Ere Mind or Reason knew earthly name !  
When WISDOM dwelt in Light—“ with God ”—  
Ere Adam and Eve their Eden trod ! . . .

Yea ! on adoring knees, my soul  
Looks up, where lights in heaven out-roll :  
Moon, stars, and sun, diurnal, borne,  
On ambient airs, from eve till morn—  
From morn till eve !—their force, their laws,  
Those which all earthly movements cause :  
Laws of which Newton inferred no more  
Than seers of stars had guessed before ;  
Than seers of star all days have guess'd ;  
What years, from brain-pulp, books were press'd ;  
And Mind made Reason, and SENSE re-ground  
Mind, in all mills, with wheel-horse round :  
Wherefore, I say—of stellar force,  
NEWTON no more knew—than his horse !

Canon COPERNICUS, at Rome,  
Low knelt, beneath St. Peter's dome ;

Haply, to mark, with mindful scan,  
Church built by Buonarotti's plan :  
Wonders out-wrought, from crypt and coign,  
Upward, till vaults with vaults conjoin,  
And the Great Dome, confounding sight,  
Dwells in it own mysterious light ! . . .

Canon Copernicus, from knees  
Rising, went forth by Tiber's leas ;  
And, in his prayerful ways, perchance,  
Eyes lifted unto air's expanse ;  
And, from horizon of midnight Rome,  
Saw church-walls rise toward azure dome !—  
Lamps lit ! so many, their rays were shent,  
As a bright camp-fire lights up tent ;  
When its flame, flung on banners, throws  
Reflected and refracted glows !

Lamps lit ! for heavenly vesper rites !—  
Lamps borne by unseen acolytes !—  
High, over Rome's three hundred piles  
Of church-walls, with their sounding aisles :  
High over earthly lamps and lands,  
Hung in that " church not made by hands ; "  
Whence earth was framed, from lights in airs !—  
As crucial FIRE bright witness bears,  
When its alembic heats proclaim  
TRUTH—such as MOSES knew—through FLAME.



Star-seer COPERNICUS—from Rome,  
Favored and famous—fared for home :  
But if his laboring mind recalled,  
Church of St Peter's—roofed and walled ;  
Shut from all vast expanse of SPACE,  
As a huge tent is pitched in place ;  
All its lamps lit ! . . . and yet so dim,  
Its high-groined vaults grew dark to him !—  
Why stirred not Reason, in quick remark,  
That, if Saint Peter's dome was dark,  
Cause might be sought, for shadows there—  
Where CAUSE for all things dwells—in air !  
Cause for all flows of sunshine bright ;  
And cause, no less, for shadowy light :  
Cause for all hues in light that dwell,  
And cause, for midnight murks, as well ! . . .

Yea ! as I trust—on this my scroll,  
Some words may light even INJURESOUL !  
When, in my ways, with ways of LIGHT,  
WISDOM, anon, shall help me write !—  
Stirring my brain, my hand, my pen—  
As, for all works, all wills of men,  
Light flows in heaven, by self-same laws  
Which sun-shine make, and star-shine cause ;  
Launch lightnings, and—when MAN demands—  
Speed them, as thoughts, from lands to lands ;

From minds to minds, from marts to marts ;  
Asking " more Light ! " for trades and arts—  
" More Light " on whirls of wind and tides ;  
But asking not what LIGHT abides  
In mystic words, from DAVID's lyre :  
" His ministers . . . a FLAMING FIRE ! " <sup>80</sup>

Canon Copernicus, at Rome,  
Saw stellar fires in heavenly dome ;  
Saw spires of fires to sun-shine lent :  
And—in Jehovah's out-spread tent—  
Sat down to speculate—like BOB !—  
On his MIND's architectural job ! . . . .  
Yea ! by those beams of heavenly lights,  
Bob-wise, looked out for—building sites !  
And, on celestial trestle-board,  
Way-marked his REASON, as " God and Lord ! "—

Vain REASONER ! . . Had his WISDOM stirred,  
Scripture was his, with JOB's low word !  
" Things have I uttered—as MY THOUGHT—  
Too wonderful ! I knew them not ! " . . .  
Then, when his Mind, with dying breath,  
Lost REASON, on airs exsuct by death !  
SOUL of Copernicus had known  
Vision sublime, at PATMOS shown ;  
" New Heaven ! " " New Earth ! "—for MANKIND fit !  
" For the Glory of God did lighten it ! "

Oh ! Infinite and Eternal LIGHT !  
THEE I exalt, on page I write :  
Though my worn wits, in wrestling strain,  
Must match with THINKERS—brain for brain ! . . . .  
And as THY LAWS of LIGHT and LIFE—  
Truth against lies,—impel to strike,  
Be Thine my Light, and Thine my Laws,  
And Thine, O ! Father in Heaven ! my CAUSE !

Thy Light ! Thy Laws ! all answering!—yet,  
So simply just Thine arcs are set—  
So grandly strong, Thy keystones bear  
Vaults of yon minster, built with air—  
No porphyry heights, on Afric shore,  
Towering Arabia's deserts o'er ;  
No ice-bergs, built on Arctic snows,  
Reft of their heats by ocean-flows ;  
More firmly bide, more brightly shine,  
Than heaven's expanse—by LAWS DIVINE !  
LAWS TWAIN—LAWS TWIN ! . . . . no laws beside !  
Whence and whereby ALL THINGS abide ! . . .

Nor aught, in seas or airs, was known,  
Nor aught, from seeds and soils, was grown ;  
Nor aught, for earth or heaven, enwrought ;  
Perceived by sense, conceived by thought ;  
Save and except, with dual force,  
These TWIN LAWS helped sweet Nature's course ;

Or—when ignored or spurned by MAN—  
FIRE-DAMP enforced—for human ban !

And there was never, in air or earth,  
Without these LAWS, one insect's birth ;  
Nor ever existence known in air—  
Nor sights, nor simulacra there ;  
Nor weights of bulk, nor weights at all—  
More than a school-child's air blown ball ! . . . .

Nor ever a comet, in transit driven,  
Has compass'd wider ways, in heaven,  
Than Chimborazo's fires, on airs,  
Are blown remote from Hecla's flares !

Adjust your tripod ! tilt your tubes !  
Transect your quadrants and your cubes !  
Lens unto lens align—till curve,  
Concave or convex—eye-sight serve !  
Deflect “ rays aberrate ”—till they shine,  
Extrinsic, from your “ mind's eye ” line !

Then, in your wise ways, watch by night,  
Peering through achromatic light !  
Watch, with your earnest hearts, not less  
Than eyes, upcast, in sleeplessness !  
Watch, with your prayers ! as knights, new-made,  
Kept vigils over shield and blade ;

When stalwart men, with childly eyes,  
 Saw stars, as lamp-lights hung in skies ;  
 Nor—in that simple, childlike trust—  
 Set lowlier lance for quarrel just ;  
 Nor feebler fared, fierce fight to dare,  
 Crying “ GOD HELP ! ”—Sir Hilary’s prayer !

“ God help ! ” sweet orison ! . . . ’Tis prayer  
 Turks, Jews, and Christians breathe on air !  
 And if—with faith such prayer implies—  
 MEN, to help MEN, with WORKS would rise ;  
 Then such Saturnian years might come—  
 (Without one nitro-glycerine bomb !)  
 As erst “ Saint Brandon’s Isle ” forecast,  
 Or RASSELAS, in his valley, passed ! <sup>31</sup>

In vain shall “ Fresnel’s rhomb ” suggest  
 That nature knows her own ways best,  
 In vain shall rays, rectangled, pass,  
 As “ aberrate rays ” through prism of glass !—  
 What boots it ? Blind eyes blink with blind ;  
 Mind muddled mates with muddling Mind ;  
 Tom crooks his light, through Fresnel’s rhomb ;  
 And Bob squints back his light—to Tom !  
 So, with ten thousand light-rays mixed,  
 Your optate optigraphs are “ fixed ; ”  
 Ten million sparks, from aerial spars,  
 Glint, and you posit a million stars ;

On boundless space your glass eyes turn ;  
 And in your tubes your "systems" burn ;  
 Congress of orbs, each system swings—  
 (Like earthly "Congress," girt with "rings ;")  
 "Star-routes" assured, by plans approved—  
 And your whole bright machinery moved,  
 According to Kepler, magnet-driven,  
 According to Newton, poised in heaven :  
 While we, poor laymen, marvel much,  
 If lame man lends to cripple a crutch :  
 If Reason adventures first—her LAWS ;  
 And then, as reason of laws—her CAUSE !

"So mote it be !" . . . So system swings !  
 So force centrifugal out-flings  
 Star from its sun—and then, with spang,  
 Centripetal—like boomerang—  
 Star to its sun springs back . . . nor swerve  
 Their courses from concentric curve ! . . .<sup>32</sup>

"So mote it be !" . . . But if, with deft  
 Machinery, woven as magic web,  
 And with such subtile force, as draws  
 Needle to pole—or by all laws  
 Known in our earth, our air, our fire—  
 Balls ye can spin, with ceaseless gyre,  
 And curb, without confining groove ; . . .  
 Or if one globe ye straitwise move,

On lines, impelled by magnets twain—  
 And hold your globe by unseen chain ;  
 Well ! . . . in “ Swift ” ways, I’ll seek, for “ school,”  
 “ Laputa’s isle ”—my reason to rule ;  
 There may my SENSE—no more to err—  
 Exalt her horn—like “ Gulliver : ” <sup>33</sup>

Considerate MIND !—Convenient FORCE !  
 Constraining stars, toward alien course !  
 And helm-wise then, like ships coerced,  
 “ To bearings ” brought, by force reversed ! . . .

“ Attraction ” here !—“ Repulsion ” there !—  
 Like FIGARO, answering, everywhere :  
 On lank ellipsoid, bulgent sphere,  
 Comet cirrose—remote or near ;  
 Yea ! on all cones and polygons,  
 See-sawing still—with *pros* and *cons* ! . . .

Well ! . . . Could my common sense, bewrayed,  
 Conceive of WORLDS, thus driven and stayed,  
 Still should my simple SOUL inquire,  
 WHEREFORE, in SPACE, such ceaseless gyre ?  
 When—with HIS calm, all-swaying WILL—  
 God, to each world, might say—“ BE STILL ! ” <sup>34</sup>

## FYTTE SEVENTH.

Crypt echoes crypt, when Science strides  
Through Egypt's tombs, by torch-light guides :  
But when Belzoni's tramp disturbs  
Mummies, in mouldered swaddling-curbs ;  
Piff-paff ! five hundred cerements burst :  
And the poor seer, in dust immersed,  
Nor sees nor knows, but only hears  
Mummy-cased Copts explode, by tiers ;  
Till, with spent breath, he sinks, like lead,  
Through centuries of old Egypt's dead !

Athlete Belzoni ! from that splurge,  
Dust-choked, your laboring lungs emerge !  
This lesson learned—that centuried dust  
Bad foot-hold makes, for human trust :  
Lesson which yet our MINDS may humble, . . .  
When bubbles burst, and “ systems ” tumble !

Electric lights ! . . . what sight may trace  
Your ways when summer-heats ye chase ?  
Or over Iceland's arctic steeps,  
Climb upon skies, with saltant leaps ?  
Electric sounds ! what force repeats,  
Their bruits, in thunder's rolling beats ?



What mind may guess, through *sense* of sound,  
Whence are those peals, from airs profound?—  
Why muffled moans, in throbs uprise,  
Till crash discordant rends the skies?  
Ask Bob! ask brains! ask books! . . . . No word  
Instructs our minds, how airs are stirred,  
When lightning-bars those key-notes blazon,  
Which swell to thunder's diapason.

Yet on these airs, confounding ears,  
Depend all sights of planet-seers:  
Airs of such wanton ways, they whirl,  
Like the loose hairs of dancing-girl!  
And with each zephyr twined and twinn'd,  
Star-beams—as light, enwoven in wind—  
Lilt out of twinkling eyes, with wink,  
Quicker than seer of stars can—THINK!

Science knows this! . . . Her “reasoning” mind  
Waited till ART should lenses grind;  
So, then, bright Art her glass purveys—  
Convex and concave—kissing rays;  
So kiss with kiss, through crown-glass given,  
Lifts up poor loving “minds”—to heaven! . .

Angles of crown-glass first collect—  
Angles of crown-glass then correct;  
So, then—all “aberrate rays” aligned—  
Light flows, rectangled, into mind;

Nor ever a doubt shall seer perplex,  
 To hint how wanton beams may vex ;  
 When, with each kiss of air, they pass,  
 By air-curves—even in FRESNEL's glass ! . . .

Who contradicts ? SPINOZA burned  
 For truth—and, straightway, falsehood learned ;  
 Glass-grinding, till, with failing eyes,  
 He sought for ground-glass light, in skies ;  
 And lost—like blind Des Cartes, in dreams—  
 Day-spring of LIGHT's perennial beams.

Dreamer DES CARTES !—for that his “ mind ”  
 Visions beheld, by WISDOM lined—  
 While his dim REASON, in fitful gleams,  
 Flashed fire-damp on his heavenly dreams :  
 When, in glass eyes of blind compeers,  
 His “ lights in heaven ” he viewed—as “ spheres ! ”  
 Saw “ worlds ” recede, and “ orbs ” advance—  
 With stately march, like minuet dance—  
 Yet failed to find some “ ball ”-room rule  
 For a mad comet's queer *pas seul* ! <sup>85</sup>

RULE did he reach for ?—laws for “ balls ”—  
 And laws, no less, where comet sprawls ?—  
 While yet on WISDOM's ways he trod,  
 And with high heart, looked up to God ? . . .  
 Why paused he, on his “ Vortex ” brink,  
 Owl-eyed, with seers of stars—to think ?

Why, with his soul by LIGHT impress'd,  
 And LAWS, half-learned, at NATURE's best ;  
 Why, when he climbed ethereal cliffs,  
 Way-marked for him with hieroglyphs—  
 (Which never, in all man's years before,  
 By seer of stars were pondered o'er,)—  
 Why did he pause ? . . . Oh ! dumb Des Cartes !  
 Voicing not LIGHT which bathed his heart !—  
 Yea ! in his SOUL showed heavenly LAWS—  
 FORCE with EFFECT . . . Effect from CAUSE ! <sup>86</sup>

“ Keplerian Laws ! ” . . . “ Newtonian Force ! ”  
 “ Sidereal Science ! ” . . . In glib discourse,  
 Mind echoes mind !—grim atheist,  
 “ Ball-playing ” with prim polemist ! . . .

FAITH flies from David's heaven, and Job's—  
 To “ think out ” heaven, with whisking globes ;  
 Weighed, measured, poised, by chits and prigs,  
 And capering—in celestial jigs ! . . .

Cause ruling Laws ! Laws causing Cause ! . . . .  
 Tell us, now, INJURESOUL ! what Laws  
 Ordain “ Newtonian Force ! ” . . . what power  
 Lifts watery floods for thunder shower ?  
 Tell us what laws make whirling skies,  
 When clouds on clouds in gyres arise ?

Why whirlpool rides on seas and strands,  
 Or a wild whirlwind sucks up sands ?  
 Why fierce tornado's coils convolve,  
 While clouds o'er drowning soils dissolve ?  
 Why hot sirocco's weights consume,  
 Or swells typhoon from sourde simoom ?  
 Or, on Sahara's blasting breath,  
 Samiel goes forth—that wind of death ! <sup>87</sup>

“WHIRLWIND !” O ! when did Science make  
 Laws which my LIGHT from “Whirlwind ” spake ?  
 Laws of supreme, unyielding stress,  
 When listening JOB saw “VORTICES !”—  
 Yea !—in that image of power on earth:  
 “BEHEMOTH !”—giant ! of whirlwind birth ! <sup>88</sup>

“BEHEMOTH !” . . . O ! ye “reasoning” men !  
 With weakling words of witling's pen,  
 Tongue-tying GOD ! to phrase out thus  
 Cayman—or hippopotamus—  
 Or sea-cow, swollen to mammoth size !—  
 Or an “unknown beast ” “*Barnumize !*” . . .  
 When, by that figure of wondrous speech,  
 FORCES of AIR their MOVEMENTS teach !  
 When, in that parable, NATURE says :  
 “Behold !—my whirlwind VORTICES !” . . . <sup>89</sup>

“Behemoth !”—Yea ! ye wide-eyed “schools,”  
 With “minds made up,” as REASON o'er-rules ;

Why scan ye not yon heavenly heights,  
As "Laws of Matter" assure you lights?  
Why seek ye not sidereal sways,  
As matter is ruled in earthly ways?  
Not in some "guess'd out" occult force—  
But "MOVEMENT"—swayed for CENTRIC course!  
Force of fierce AIRS, as "navel" and "loins!"—  
"Sinews of stones!"—which HEAT conjoins!  
Pent heat! like column of spinal steel,  
Whirling—as frantic fakirs reel!—  
"Bones as strong pieces of brass!" and "tail  
As a cedar!"—threshing earth, like flail! . . .  
"He drinketh rivers!" . . . Yea! in his drouth,  
"Jordan can draw up—into his mouth!"—  
"Whirlwind!" . . . His wild way onward breaks!—  
Sea-ward he strides!—and WHIRLPOOL makes!

"Behemoth!" . . . Mark those cloud-like walls,  
Imprisoning heats! . . . those flaming balls!  
Dropped in their trail! those lurid glares:  
Fire-power's enforcements, in all airs!  
Learn, from that WHIRLWIND, fierce for hurts,  
Heat-force, which fire-damp rage perverts!  
Learn, from those fire-fraught MOVEMENTS there,  
That LAWS of LIGHT are LAWS of AIR!  
So! shall BEHEMOTH show you cause  
For EVIL and GOOD—by self-same LAWS!

Science I honor ! and mind I trust ! . . .  
And lift their lights o'er skeptic dust !  
No cause of quarrel is ours, to-day,  
Whose wives BELIEVE—whose mothers PRAY—  
So long, O ! SCIENCE ! as wine you make ;  
So long, O ! MIND ! as thirst you slake ;  
Nor tempt poor souls, with fire-damp light,  
Venomed for hearts, like dipsas bite ;  
Nor, from your " Dead-Sea grapes, " distil  
Poison, my household veins to fill ;  
Nor lure my little ones—my babes,  
(Pleased with your glittering astrolabes,)  
To taste your black wine, drink its lees—  
Sweetened for them with honey of bees !

Go reel with Reason ! on reeling earth !  
At Pentateuch make pedant mirth :  
Fling out your geologic jeers,  
At Moses, and Six Thousand years !  
Compute, for dupes, what ages pass  
Ere Mercury's rays shall reach your glass ;  
Coax, with your " Laws of Light, " all stars,  
From Saturn's moons to moons of Mars :  
Toss up your skull-caps ! . . . Yea ! fill up,  
With heavenly light, each ground-glass cup :  
" Drink deep, or taste not ! " . . . Pledge all gods—  
Toast your star-goddesses ! . . . What odds ?

One passing cloud-puff dims your scope ;  
And, in the dark—with Bob—you grope !

Meantime, in lamp-lit lecture hall,  
Helmholtz, or Thomson, calls up all—  
Yea ! all—your suns, and stars, and moons !  
Air-whirls uplifting—like balloons !—  
Till, in his lecture-light, he swings  
Stars upon stars—orbs, belts, and rings :  
Nor need he “ mind ” much, when you joke—  
Telling him that his worlds are—SMOKE ! . . .  
Quick repartee his REASON assures :  
“ If MINE be smokes—pray, what are yours ? ” <sup>40</sup>

Yea ! what are yours ?—when pipe-stem draws,  
From soap-suds, by sweet Nature's laws,  
Air-bubbles, opalesque with beams  
Brilliant as sun-like Saturn seems ;  
Gleaming Orion, or crimson Mars ;  
Great Jupiter . . . yea ! all your stars,  
On disc discerned, what hours you've spied,  
Through object-glass full two feet wide ! . . .

Eye-bubbles ! air-bubbles ! round on round !  
Puff-balls ! ensphering pride profound !  
Pride of Man's Reason ! . . . and I admit  
Claims for that PRIDE—yea ! share in it ! . . .  
Pœans I'll join in !—strident songs !  
Voiceful for praise, where praise belongs !

Fame unto star-seers ! craftsmen bright !  
Builders of worlds, in realms of NIGHT !  
Scaffolds they stand on—iron and brass :  
Trowels they lift up—gleaming glass ;  
Mortar, of star-lime, they prepare ;  
And on yon trestle-board of air,  
Trace their stupendous building-plan :  
And my soul says—" Hail ! Mind of Man ! "

Labors of Love ! my heart allows :  
Vigils of Faith ! my reason avows :  
For that our seers of stars with prayers,  
Full oft, ascend their shining stairs :  
Priest-like, in LIGHT from altar shed—  
Blessing and breaking heavenly bread !

But why obtrude, on faithful eyes  
Faithless conceits of crude surmise ?  
Chimeras, wrought from rifted rays,  
By glass converged for optic gaze ? . . .  
Still, as your glass more rays collects,  
More worlds ideal its disc reflects ;  
Each as a bubble of mental paction,  
Globate and gibbose—by " Diffraction ! " <sup>41</sup>

Sweet LIGHT ! Shall Reason in shadows grope ?  
Bring me my babe's kaleidoscope !—  
Toy thing ! wherein, with rays combined,  
Light groups strange images for Mind !



Chromic illusions ! optic cheats !  
Light rays, which tricky glass discretely ;  
Certes these forms we spy are frauds ;  
Potsherds and flints, prinkt out as gauds ;  
Air-bubbles all ! . . . and yet, good sooth !  
Far worthier helps in quest for Truth,  
Than all those tons of molten brass,  
And all those lights of crystal glass,  
Babel-like, built toward heaven, by Rosse,  
O'ershadowing his Christian cross ! . . .<sup>42</sup>

This pasteboard cylinder confines  
All that your telescope combines :  
Mirrors and lenses—flint-fine sights—  
All save your “acromatic” lights :  
It kills no rain-bow tints, that eyes  
May count on truth, to sum up lies !  
It shows us works which NATURE makes,  
When by her LAWS, from lucent flakes,  
Halos she fashions—aureoles bright,  
Enwoven in air, and limned with light.

Yea ! in this tube—through glass refract—  
Rays meet, rays kiss—co-mate, co-act—  
Till scraps of delph, and shreds of clay,  
Kiss, and are kissed, by each light-ray ;  
So shapes, from kiss with kiss are born,  
And gems of air each shape adorn.

I turn this tube, with gyrate jars :  
All air it holds glows bright with stars !  
Yea ! like yon heaven, on starry nights  
My mirrored "space" reflects its lights !

Tell me, geometer precise !  
Or limner, wielding pencil nice—  
What mind or hand could chart prepare,  
To match these STARS, all made of AIR ?

Go, now, O ! Science ! and sort your rays :  
With lens correct their "aberrate" ways !—  
And tell me, then, if airs are aught  
More substantive than LIGHT has wrought,  
When, with your chemic fires, you show  
Metals and salts in ærial flow ?

What ! Is your "mind made up," that Laws,  
Which rule all earth, in air must pause ?  
That rays of stars, which streamlets break—  
And moon-beams, marred by rippling lake ;  
And lights of lamps, in vaulted hall,  
Which flare and flicker, in windy thrall,  
And wax or wane, with passing mist—  
That all these "common facts" exist ;  
And yet, forsooth, when once you raise  
Your tripod frames, and fix their stays—  
Select your camp-ground, lift your brass,  
With liquid lens, or lens of glass—

Mirrors, and lens, and disc a-plomb,  
And rays re-made by "Fresnel's rhomb"—  
Straightway, you think, your heaven is sure :  
And, as your zeal for LIGHT is pure,  
So heaven—to bless your "watch by night"—  
Must grant you what you seek—PURE LIGHT !

Alas ! . . . when "lights in heaven" were young,  
Ere sins of men their shadows flung :  
Ere deeps of airs, and deeps of earth,  
FIRE-DAMP exhaled, in all their girth ;  
Haply, this heaven of ours had then  
PURE LIGHT purveyed, for earthly ken !  
But never again, on earth, I ween,  
Shall heaven's meridian light be seen ;  
Till all this lamp-lit "Space" of ours,  
And all our "world of minds" it dowers ;  
And all these "blue, etherial skies,"  
With all their "facts," and all their lies,  
Shall, in their own grey ashes, fade—  
And a "new heaven and earth" be made !

Kneel, NEWTON ! lift your thoughts above  
Those LIGHTS you sought, with prayerful love !  
Bow, KEPLER ! with your FAITH sustained,  
In stars by SINAI'S GOD ordained ! . . .  
Exult, COPERNICUS ! nor mark,  
How "aberrate rays" leave angles dark !

Let SCIENCE exult, no less, with charts  
 Of wondrous works, to stir our hearts !  
 But, in HIS NAME, who Calvary trod,  
 Let Heaven be childhood's " House of God ! "  
 Let stars, and moon, and sun be ours,  
 MADE FOR MANKIND—like fruits and flowers !

So may we walk our earthly sward ;  
 SCIENCE with GOD in calm accord !  
 Lift up our souls, with seer of star !  
 And mark sweet heaven, with " gates ajar ! "

SCIENCE ! descend !—yet rise ! . . . explore  
 These airs you breathe, to learn their lore !  
 Unlearn your guess-work. AIR is yours,  
 To glean, for human helps and cures !  
 Unsay your twaddle of " burnt-out " moons,  
 Dead rivers sunk from lunar dunes ;  
 Comets careering, meteors hurled  
 Millions of miles, from world to world ;  
 Ignore your books ! obliterate lore !  
 Your theories new—your schools of yore !  
 Yet shall your works, by LIGHT imprest,  
 Burn on yon heaven's blue palimpsest !  
 There, in all ambient airs you breathe,  
 LIGHT waits—your threads of thoughts to wreath ! <sup>43</sup>

So may all manly souls, erect,  
 On mysteries of AIR reflect :

Still, as in dream which JACOB dreamed,  
See heaven, as over JOB it beamed !  
See stairs of stars still grandly rise,  
In splendors drest, of dazzling dyes !  
All tender tints of moon-lit airs,  
All shades of gold which eve-light bears ;  
Rose-flush of morn, and sea-shell hues,  
Polychromed, as when heats infuse  
Lime-light, in glass : and sunshine paints  
Casements of church, with pictured saints ;  
Ceintured and robed, as limnings rare,  
When MARY mounts on stars in air !

Sweet-hearted Myth, for simple soul !—  
Shining on WOMAN, in deathly dole !—  
Hushing her, while those words she hears :  
“ And HE shall wipe away all tears ! ” . . .

## FYTTE EIGHTH.

Huyghens instructs of lucent rills  
 Rippling adown etherial hills ;  
 While Newton writes of molecule rays,  
 At "bo-peep" games, on stellar ways ! . . .  
 Nor sage nor seer, with science fraught,  
 In all this wide world's years of thought,  
 One TRIUNE TRUTH makes known—which I—  
 NATURE-TAUGHT—lift, this day, on high !  
 No utterance void—from brain-sick wight,  
 Flaunting DEMENTIA's fire-damp light,  
 By doleful doubts, or faith absurd,  
 Prompted to lift his weakling word :  
 No vain surmise, from dreaming mind,  
 Book-taught, by blind men leading blind :  
 But "plain, blunt" words I write, good sooth !  
 For that my WILL declares them TRUTH !

One Triune Truth ! . . . My pen may pause ;  
 Pause, ere it writes repealing clause ;  
 O'er-ruling laws by mankind made,  
 For LAWS DIVINE, on God-head stayed.

For well may MIND, with earnest ware,  
 Halt, on this march, which soul must dare—

Mounting on Light, until her sight  
Sees GOD—in Mysteries of Light !

Laws co-eterne with GOD !—WHO WAS !  
WHO IS ! . . . Himself His own FIRST CAUSE !  
Laws for all things He made ! . . . nor less,  
Laws for His Own High Consciousness !

Transcendant thought, for seers to write :  
“ Dwelling in Light ! ” . . . yea ! “ God is Light ! ”  
Translucent thought, in childhood's prayer :  
“ God sees me ! ” . . . “ God is everywhere ! ”

Why, then, when MIND for LIGHT inquires,  
Through seas and airs, with woven wires—  
And finds it, in each sand-grain smit,  
Each atom of air, by candle lit . . .

Why, then, shall I mine eyesight glaze,  
Peering for sparks, in aerial maze,  
Through sand and air, as glass, combined—  
So LIGHT may bless mine eyes, my mind—  
When, in each unit of matter, I learn  
More than all seers of stars discern ?

I lift my heart—I poise my soul,  
O'er glittering glows of girandole ;  
O'er dog-eared leaves of lectures learn'd,  
What years my sense for Science burned :

My lights I see . . . my lights, as LAWS !  
LAWS of my INFINITE FIRST CAUSE !

I ask no "Schools," with SCIENCE fraught,  
No books, to trace my TRIUNE THOUGHT !  
It shines in hearth-fire—beams in sun—  
Telling me . . . "LIGHT ! HEAT ! AIR !—are ONE !"

LIGHT is GOD MANIFEST ! with clasp  
On BIBLE page, this Thought I grasp !  
HEAT is FORCE MANIFEST ! . . . Endorse  
This Thought, O ! SCIENCE ! . . . All HEAT is FORCE !  
All AIR is MOVEMENT MANIFEST ! . . .  
And here—my *point d'appui*—I rest ! <sup>44</sup>

Tom doubts ! Bob laughs ! . . . I but remark ;  
Asking what bears electric spark ?  
What bears through air, these pictured traits  
Of faces, forms, toward metal plates ?  
Are they not PASSED, from place to place ?  
Shadowed, unseen, each form, each face ?  
Some FORCE transmits, some FORCE completes,  
Your limner's work, through acid heats !  
SOMETHING, as lights and shades, must PASS—  
From face, from form, toward camera glass !  
POWER must control this Force in air—  
MOVEMENT these lights and shades must bear !  
What dwells in all—for COMMON SENSE ?  
My FAITH cries out . . . "OMNIPOTENCE !"



MOVEMENT ! and FORCE !—through swerveless LAWS—  
Swayed by my “INFINITE FIRST CAUSE !”

Yea ! as I write these words, I know,  
HIS MOVEMENT makes my senses glow :  
LIGHT, to my Mind, HIS LAWS fore-send ;  
My thoughts, my words, HIS FORCES lend ;  
Still, in degrees my WILL demands, . . .  
FORCE, for my working brains and hands !  
Till, as my final page I fill,  
SENSE whispers “Print !”——and REASON : “I WILL !”

Pondered my words ! my FAITH to prove :  
That never an atom in SPACE may move—  
Nor molecule stir, as atom is thrilled,  
Until the ETERNAL MIND has WILLED !

“Give Light !” roars AJAX, blind with fight !  
“Light !” dying GOETHE moans—“More Light !”  
“Light !” Bob demands ! . . . And yet all airs  
Bear light for jibes, and light for prayers :  
And light on every brain-lobe waits—  
With imprint—as for picture plates ! . . .

And every whispered word, which thrills  
On air-flows, as its utterer WILLS ;  
Let it be falsehood Bob declaims—  
Let it be fiction Beecher frames—

Let it be woman's dying appeal,  
 That Heaven may hear, and man may feel :  
 All utterance made, in ambient air,  
 LIGHT shall imprint—as LANGUAGE there ! . . .

Oh ! INJURESOUL ! . . . . May WISDOM thrill,  
 Responsive even to atheist WILL ?  
 Yea ! . . . . For those fires which MOSES felt,  
 When under SINAI'S VOICE, he knelt,  
 Still, by Eternal TWIN-LAWS live—  
 Patient, all earthly helps to give ! <sup>45</sup>

Still, as yon MOON her radiance sheds  
 On murderers, crouched by dreamers' beds ;  
 Yea, as yon SUN his beams bestows  
 On lifted swords, for tyrant's blows ;  
 So WISDOM waits . . . her heart-heat throbs,  
 For saints and seers—for Toms and Bobs ! . . .  
 Waits for each SENSE, to ask for LIGHTS—  
 Lends them, at once—for wrongs or rights ! . . .

Hers not to “reason” on Good or Ill :  
 Hers but to yield—constrained by WILL !  
 Yea ! by ETERNAL LAWS constrained,  
 SENSE to subserve—as GOD ordained !—  
 So SENSE, as MIND—so MIND, as WILL,  
 “Free thought” may frame—“Free Agent” still ! . . .

Yea ! INJURESOUL ! . . . . so dwells your MIND—  
FREE ! . . . as your MAKER'S WILL design'd !  
And your own WILL, which REASON you name,  
Flows with HIS AIR—and fills your frame !—  
When ventral heats make heats of brain,  
And thoughts, as WORDS, in “ lightning train,”  
Speed, as upon electric wires,  
Nerve-born from Nature's ambient fires ;  
Fires in all airs, which “ battery ” draws,  
Where battery works by NATURE'S LAWS !

Fires everywhere ! This man, who lights  
My gas-jets, and my coals ignites :  
Yon savage man, whose sticks attrite,  
Till mutual heats a flame ignite ;  
Shall tell how occult airs, in all  
Molecules of matter, wait but call ;  
Wait, with inert but instant fires,  
Till contact stirs electric spires !

And it is mine to tell, that LIFE,  
In every sentient structure rife,  
Its heats receives from aerial heats,  
Its sense but aerial sense repeats ;  
And all its glows and thrills are given,  
In flows and thrills from airs of heaven !

LIFE for all hearts ! and—LIGHT for brains !  
AIR feeds all flows ! all heats maintains !

Deftly your "DEMONSTRATOR" probes  
These coils of nerves, and terms them lobes ;  
Tissues divides, and traces curves  
Of thread-like skeins, and calls them nerves ;  
Spire-woven, as silk, on soft cocoons :  
And then quotes "BELL," or "MOTT,"—and croons  
His gentle jokes, perhaps—while showing  
How "dead men tell no tales" worth knowing!

"Blood circulates!" . . . Smug surgeon's guess!  
Three hundred years gone questionless! . . .  
And this my Common Sense debates—  
How blood, self-moving, "circulates!"  
Upward and downward, flux and ebb ;  
Through valves, and veins, and visceral web ;  
And tints a child with pink-white flush,  
Or cheeks of youth with rosier blush ;  
Curdles with fear, burns red with rage ;  
Boils in hot manhood, creeps in age ;  
Expands in heat, contracts in chill,  
Yet drips as RED blood—RED BLOOD still!

Yea! Common Sense! . . . If Harvey's plan,  
Blood-flows presumes, for beast and man,  
If artery's blood more purely glows,  
By chemic test, than venous flows ;  
And if, surcharged with noxious gas,  
All venous blood through air must pass—

How is it, then, when veins are bled,  
Their flows are always SALT and RED?  
Yea! though they traverse sanious humors,  
In leprous lymph, and turgent tumors!

“Blood circulates!” . . . . From cardial veins,  
Flush-tides of blood, toward toes and brains!  
Swiftly to ebb—so SCIENCE saith—  
Back to your heart-lobes, breath by breath!  
Almost as thought itself might reel it,  
Blood floods your frame . . . nor do you feel it!

Heart-lobes! our “gates of life!” . . . . Not mine  
To trench, unlearned, on surgeon’s line;  
Nor, with trite tropes of speech, discourse  
Of cardial engine’s laboring force;  
Of ventral furnace-fires below,  
And food-coals for combustion’s glow!  
Enough for me, this heart-in-halves  
Now opes, now shuts, with flexile valves;  
While light-hued tides flow forth, to flood  
My veins, and vivify my blood!—  
Enough to know that cleansing force,  
Still sucks up foulness, with each course:  
Until this air I breathe, each bout,  
Lung-driving, drives malaria out—

And still, my REASON inquires, how flows  
May dribble in drops from fractured nose?

Or—as a whale spouts blood, with brine,  
*Per saltum*, under harpoon line—  
 How blood arterial makes its way,  
 Through artery squeezed by *tourniquet*;  
 My sense inquires how heart-pump sends  
 Blood-currents round, from ends to ends—  
 Way-speed required, by “foot-pound” reckoned,  
 Ten thousand horse-power force, per second?

Valves open ! . . . Ventricles expel ! . . .  
 Gush follows gush—swell urging swell !  
 Now, hold your breath !—count sixty !—What ?  
 No fret—no flurry—of surges hot ?—  
 Pulse calm—and in your veins no rush ! . . .  
 Count on ! . . . now feel your heart-beat ! . . . Hush !  
 How faintly falls that engine throb ! . . .  
 Steam-guage at zero ! . . . DIE, poor Bob ! <sup>46</sup>

Doctors, from wise Hippocrates,  
 To dubious Dioscorides ;  
 And doctors, following Galen’s track,  
 To Paracelsus—sage and quack ;  
 Who “cupped” for cancers, “bled” for bile,  
 And purged, as “humors,” chyme and chyle ;  
 All were content with ways they saw,  
 Exemplified by some NATURAL law !

Where currents flowed, with rippling curl,  
 And eddies caused concentric swirl ;

Their simple sapience ne'er divined  
That "circulating" streams could wind ;  
Now out, now in—by self-same force—  
Till Doctor HARVEY's droll discourse  
Showed Charles the First how valves, by shutting,  
Sent blood upon your toes abutting !

Vain SCIENCE ! . . . Bob with Tom again !  
Nature still misconceived by men ! . . .  
King Charles believed it !—so 'tis said ! . . .  
Well ! the poor king soon—"lost his head !"

## FYTTE NINTH.

He nobly erred ! . . . Not mine to shred  
 Leaflet from HARVEY's laureled head !  
 First of all minds, from LULLY's days,  
 Clue-lines to catch, through Learning's maze ;  
 Though his own threads, from outer air,  
 To labyrinth lured, and—left him there ! “

“ Food-fuel ! ” . . - Yea ! your stomach fill !  
 And, from alembic heats, distil  
 “ Food-force ! ” — “ Kinetic force ! ” — Thereafter,  
 “ Life-force ! ” . . . for joys, pains, tears, and laughter ! “

This is our SCIENCE ! . . . . Upshot of all  
 Men's minds have learned, since “ Adam's Fall ! ” . . .  
 Since Adam and Eve felt force to kiss,  
 And BOB, the SERPENT, force to hiss !  
 But whence, O ! BOB ! “ combustion's ” heat,  
 Ere Adam's jaw-bones moved—to EAT ?

And before eating . . . . what ? — When first,  
 EVE, upon ADAM's glad eyes, burst,  
 Lifted she not her own sweet eyes ? . . .  
 Felt she no impulse of surprise ?  
 No life-breath, and no pulse to stir . . . .  
 Till Adam plucked some FRUITS for her ? . . . .



“ Food-force ! ” “ food-fuel ! ” . . . . and then her heart  
 Drove life-blood towards each vital part ;  
 And her pure body, at once—alas !—  
 Distilled . . . . “ carbonic acid gas ! ” . . . .

O ! Thou All-Making “ SPIRIT OF LIGHT ! ”  
 Shall Christians doubt, when thoughts I write,  
 Mindful of words, with meaning rife : ”  
 “ Into man’s nostrils breathed HE life ! ”

Plain Scripture words ! . . . . No force but BREATH !  
 From infant’s birth, to dotard’s death ! . . . .  
 Force of all airs, all winds, all waves !  
 Yea ! of all fires, from volcan caves.

Blow, from your shoulder, fells an ox ;  
 Round-shot, from cannon, sunders rocks :  
 Breath, from your lungs, makes bugle blare—  
 I find ONE FORCE for all . . . . ’tis AIR ! <sup>49</sup>

Yea ! and from AIR alone these words,  
 These thoughts of mine, like trills of birds,  
 Or bird-wing’s flash, or smile of wife,  
 Borne to my heart, on breath of life—  
 Borne through these auricles, which close,  
 And open, as life-breath, ceaseless, flows ;  
 And, from this battery-fire which beats  
 In ventric cells, with centric heats,

Nerve-borne, like lightning-flash, to glint  
On plates of brain—my thoughts to print !

Brain-plates ! .. why not ? .... With chemic bite,  
Metals ye grave, by force of Light ! ...  
Instant, when chemic fires ye mix,  
Yon flying steeds on plate ye fix ! ...  
Through convex lens, with centric rays,  
Light ye converge, for fiery blaze : ....  
Light, out of lime-light battery, glares,  
With instant flame, on midnight airs !—  
What if my MIND—exploring seas,  
And airs, and earth, for “ facts ” like these—  
NATURE’s analogies !—shall catch  
True light, from even a “ friction match ? ”  
LIGHT, for my soul’s untutored reach—  
Lessons, my heart’s quick pulses teach :  
Match-light, of yore, which Grecian wit  
Struck out, like tinder-sparks, to flit !  
Lessons, half conned, from age to age ;  
Dim doubts rehearsed, by page on page :  
Till gleamed, at last, CARTESIAN word—  
By FAITH ignored—by Science blurred !—  
Master-word ! lost ! through sad compliance  
Of Christian minds, with REASON of Science !

“ Vortices ! ”—HELMHOLTZ now declares  
All which DES CARTES conceived in airs !

Test after test one proving finds—  
 Vortex still veers where fluid winds !  
 And in each atom of air we breathe  
 Vortex with vortex "rings" enwreathes ;  
 Atom with atom, in ceaseless course,  
 And in each atom an unknown force :  
 SCIENCE now sees it ! . . . . Helmholtz ! Gould !  
 Thomson ! and Stokes !—By Science schooled !

Force in each atom of ambient airs !  
 SCIENCE this time-worn truth declares ;  
 And in each atom of earth, she shows,  
 Carbon abides, for igneous glows ;  
 And in each atom of water, as well,  
 Force, as in ambient airs, must dwell ;  
 And in all animal natures beat  
 Pulses, by life's combustive heat ! . . . .  
 Heats, in BEHEMOTH, woven as wires,  
 Scourge seas and soils with stormful gyres !  
 Yea ! on yon "seas of ice," we mark,  
 Flame flashing up, through winters dark ! . . . .  
 What more ? . . . . LIGHT, HEAT, and AIR, I name—  
 TRIUNE ! . . . . my three-in-one !—my FLAME !

Atoms make molecules, Newton states ;  
 But whence, for atoms, are "ultimates ?"  
 What lens shall help scrutative Mind  
 UNITS, of unseen flows, to find ?

As fractions flowed, for Hahnemann's brain,  
Down to decillionth parts of grain? . . .

*Cui bono?* . . . Science on quibbles dotes;—  
Dissecting hairs, and measuring motes! . . .

What boots it, if, through microscopes,  
Bee-hairs appear like hawser-ropes?

Or if, beyond all glass-eyed ken,  
Life dwells in spores of thallogen? . . .

This have we learned, of Nature's course—

Each atom of air is atom of FORCE!

Each atom distinct, with power *per se*!

And that one fact is Science for me;

For that my wits one sequence draw—

"Concourse of atoms!" is NATURE'S LAW! <sup>50</sup>

"Concourse of atoms!" . . . Old heathen guess!

Back to its truth we come, no less!

Sunward, these days, our Light we seek—

Towards ANAXAGORAS, the GREEK!

Greek of all Greeks! whose reason intense

Worshipped "SUPREME INTELLIGENCE!"

God! the "All-shaping Spirit!" whose MIND

Made all things, as His WILL designed—

Ruled all things, as His MOVEMENT stirred!

"Life! Light! and Love!"—His WILL... His WORD! <sup>51</sup>

All making FLAME! all-mastering FLAME!

Creation's Fount—Creation's Frame!

Thy realm as fixed, by LAWS DIVINE,  
As arcs are fixed in spheric line ;  
Thine the SOLE ORB, SOLE SPHERE, in Space !  
Its bound defined—assigned its place ! <sup>52</sup>

All stirring FLAME ! whence motions are,  
For spears of grass, and spires of star ;  
For heats of airs which lights reveal,  
Nor less for lights which airs conceal ! . . . .  
Thy welling life—thy swelling love,  
All deeps beneath, all heights above ;  
Nor atom of earth, nor atom of sea,  
Nor atom of air, untouched by thee ! . . . .  
O'er Reason estrayed, o'er MIND perverse,  
NATURE still walks her UNIVERSE ;  
Still, for Mankind, her bosom fond ;  
Golden with fruitage, green with frond ;  
FLAME, as her earthly garment's hem—  
And FLAME her heavenly diadem !

O ! SCIENCE ! astute art thou, as erst,  
When Chaldee seer their lore rehearsed !  
Book-lights reflect thy lights of Brain !  
Book-prints thy myriad thoughts retain ! . . . .  
Bulk upon bulk, of crude conceits !  
Platforms and stagings—cleats on cleats !  
Books bricking Babels up . . . . All tongues  
Telling their “ minds,” from ladder rungs ;

And, on your topmost transom bars—  
 One eye cocked earthwise, one at stars—  
 TOM ! as Contractor ;"—“squat, like toad !”  
 With jokes to crack o’er laborer’s load !”  
 And BOB ! with “REASON enthroned !” . . . yea ! BOB !  
 “Bossing” an ever-unfinished job !

Speech in all minds confounded !—Thoughts,  
 Summed, in some units, countless aughts ;  
 While Christians, Turks, and Jews wax wise,  
 With this conceit, and that surmise !  
 Minds of poor children, minds of men,  
 Made up by twirls of tongue or pen ;  
 This man all creeds decries, but one ;  
 That man all creeds alike would shun :  
 SCIENCE can brook no GOD like Job’s ;  
 Yet prates of LAWS for whirling globes ;  
 So INJURESOUL, in “trial of cause,”  
 Appeals to judge, for rule by LAWS ;  
 But when he dares his GOD to doubt,  
 LAWS he would quote—with JUDGE left out !

“Back-bone !” says Bob : “No bending knees !  
 Onward ! *Quod libet* ! . . . ‘As you please !’ ”  
 “More LIGHT !” cries John to Dick . . . “More beer !  
 All that we know is—we are here !  
 Priest knows no more than Bob and Tom !—  
 To DUST we go, as dust we’re from !” . . .

All the "old gods" of Grecia's boast  
 Are dust ! . . . Now, then, that "greatest GHOST"—  
 "God of the Bible"—is bound to go ! . . .  
 'Tis COURTLAND PALMER tells us so !  
 Voicing his "mind," from "Century Club !"—  
 Pan-sophist, for . . . Beëlzebub !  
 Rid us, O ! Reason ! of "POWER ABOVE !"  
*Quod libet*, then ! . . . "Eat, drink, and love !"

"Eat ! drink ! and love !" —he said—"the rest  
 Not worth a fillip !" . . . and then—caressed  
 By woman, who shared his wine, and way—  
 SARDANAPALUS died—one day !  
 Finished his bier—so legends tell—  
 Took his last "smoke"—and went to—BEL !

Torch-light and ashes ! . . . . . Flame, to guide  
 Guilt to its goal—through suicide ! . . .  
 Thus, in all cycles, "mind made up"—  
 With kiss of woman and dregs of cup—  
 Mounts unto doom, and, with some flashes  
 Of flickering fire-damp, falls to—ashes !

Pass, INJURESOUL ! Your Gorgon shield  
 I've struck, because, on fateful field,  
 Its horrent snakes, in shining guise,  
 Coil where my Christian gauntlet lies ;  
 That gauntlet which my FAITH has cast  
 At SKEPTICISM, in all the past :

At ATHEISM, and all its jeers,  
 Belittling human hopes and fears ! . .  
 But well I wot, no Gorgon dire,  
 Nor dread Chimæra, belching fire,  
 For gruesome Græe, nor Harpies foul,  
 Nor shapes of nameless things, could scowl,  
 With angrier hates for human kind,  
 Than SCIENCE frames, from DARWIN'S mind !

And without doubt, that DARWIN'S brain  
 Repelled all phosphor fires of PAINE,  
 Yet do I trace, from DARWIN'S search  
 Through ways forbidden, an abject CHURCH ! 53

And, without doubt, that HUXLEY holds  
 Toward Christian creeds, of modern moulds—  
 Yet, under fossils Huxley heaps,  
 I track the trail where serpent creeps ;  
 Creeps to my Christian church, and glides  
 Within its open gates, and hides  
 Concrescive coils, in chancel shade ;  
 Till, for its hiss receptive made,  
 Poor men may listen, and women hear,  
 And their young babes, with eager ear,  
 “Knowledge of evil and good” obtain—  
 Under the “corpse light” of—Tom Paine !

What marvel is it? . . . . And why this moan,  
 That seeds of weeds by Bob are sown ?



When monstrous things, unmatched by worst  
 Of skeptic lies, by Bob rehearsed ;  
 Things that are nameless—things extrorse  
 From wombs which blasted nature's course—  
 Are dragged, this day, from sunken sod,  
 To testify—against my God ?

Scripture belied, for Christian flocks :  
 Bible contemned, for “ books of rocks ! ”  
 Fossils, exhumed from charnel pit,  
 Witness against all Holy Writ ! <sup>54</sup>  
 Witness that years by MILLIONS ran,  
 Godless, ere MIRE created Man !  
 What marvel is it, if church is reft  
 Of even its few dear doctrines left ?  
 Your old-time altars razed, to raise  
 New piles, for match with modern days ;  
 Old hymns new-rhymed to suit new times,  
 And a new CHRIST—to suit new rhymes !  
 What marvel is it, O ! Christian hearts !  
 If WORKS remain, while FAITH departs ?  
 Or if—within your temple-gate—  
 “ Corpse light ” and church light—miscegenate ? <sup>55</sup>

O ! bat-blind seer ! and owl-wise sage !  
 Blow out your lamp-lights ! blot your page !  
 Affront not “ lights in heaven,” with glares  
 Of glass, transecting glints of airs !

Seek for your lights, where fire abides,  
 All days, all nights, in aerial tides :  
 Even as it flames on waters dark,  
 In phosphor flash from beak of bark ! . . .  
 Seek, where OMNIFIC LAWS impel  
 Molecule with molecule still to dwell ;  
 In atoms of air, heat atoms pent—  
 Lights, airs, and heats, inseparate blent ;  
 While kind and kind, through NATURE'S course,  
 MOVEMENTS accept—as heats enforce ;  
 HEAT, AIR, and LIGHT ! their units—ONE !  
 In MOVELESS EARTH . . . in MOBILE SUN ! . . .

Yea, Bob ! with arrogance of LIGHT,  
 Star-seers may prop their globes by night ;  
 Forth from our shadowed earth to peer,  
 At SOLAR worlds, by STAR-LIGHT clear !  
 Guessing, at midnight hours—poor men !  
 Why their own SOL should hide from ken ! . . . .  
 OUR Sol ! with bulk eight hundred fold !—  
 Miles off ! some ninety millions told !—  
 But never one small, periphery arc,  
 To bless our eyes, in earthly dark ! . . .  
 Save only what “ Eclipse ” discloses,  
 When glass we crock, and—crock our noses ! <sup>50</sup>

And MIND, with “ stellar facts ” full fed,  
 Accepts this mundane mould we thread

As a "small orb," quite lost in—Space ;  
Scudding its annual solar race !—  
And REASON is told that orb so small  
Shadows all beams from solar ball !....  
So that no glass, nor naked sight,  
Can catch one ray from realms of light,  
Even as if shades of mountain grot,  
All sunshine from all cliffs could blot ;  
Yea ! as if hay-cock, reared on meadow,  
Could shade all fields beyond its shadow !

Powerless yon priest, of Afric stock,  
While witlings jeer, and magnates mock !  
Powerless, that Christian priest, to prove  
What his FAITH feels—that " Sun do move ! "  
But feebler far—in LIGHT's defiance—  
"Religion—RECONCILED—with Science!"

## FYTTE TENTH.

Bad work is wild work ! . . . . Skeptic hits  
His hearers where there's lack of wits ;  
Where cranks consort, with softening brains,  
And Vice veneers venereal stains ;  
And atheist women, ashamed of sex,  
Men's morals to their own annex ;  
When POLYANDRIA wails her woes,  
And slips her husbands, like her hose ;  
And sleek MALTHUSIA shirks her cares,  
While " Science " shields her lord from heirs ; . . . .  
So be it ! . . . . Let worm with serpent wed !  
So be it ! . . . . and DUST make marriage bed !

Enough ! . . . . As INJURESOUL, I name  
All Bobs and Toms ! . . . . with fame or shame !  
While scent with scent, on mildewed airs,  
Malaria makes—malaria shares !

For, as I said—these Bobs and Toms  
Ate dust in Egypt's catacombs !  
Sneered at Osiris—belched at Bel ;  
Doubted if Pluto reigned in Hell ;  
Always old creeds at variance with ;  
And quick with change for novel myth ;

Till, in our days, as divers "cranks"—  
 Still at their immemorial pranks—  
 "WILL-POWER each "willing" mind discovers :  
 God of "Free Livers !" ... and "Free Lovers !"

WILL-POWER !—as power of steam ye state !  
 By horse-power dynams—foot-pound weight !...  
 Why not ?... No brute-force acts, to shake  
 Sound earth, with fierce, collapsing quake,  
 Worse than relentless powers of WILL—  
 With ways to waste, and means to kill !  
 Striding o'er earth, with dreadful tread ;  
 By MIND illumed—by REASON out-led !

WILL-POWER !... Yea ! Science shows to us,  
 Will-power of Turks, o'er trod by Russ ;  
 Will-power of Germans, grinding Gaul !—  
 And the same FORCE empowering all ;  
 Blind Force ! By TRUPP, from NATURE riven !  
 Fire-force in AIR !... Yea ! Force from Heaven !

I muse on MATTER !—on matter stirred :  
 As nerve moves pen, and pen makes word ;  
 As leaves, on autumn winds, are borne,  
 In heaps, beyond all standing corn ;  
 Or whirled—as if by concert held—  
 Toward roots of trees, by FORCE impelled ;  
 And sea-sands heaved, on sea-side sands,  
 And sea-shore sands toward barren lands ;

And trickling rills, and devious brooks,  
 Sea-trending still, by countless crooks ;  
 Nor barred by hills, nor swerving back !—  
 Save for fresh FORCE, to break their track !—  
 Now lost from sight—now risen again ;  
 Yea ! as if ruled by REASON of men !—  
 Plunging in Dead Sea's brine, to make  
 Ways under earth, their floods to take :  
 Until—beyond yon Afric surges—  
 JORDAN, in RED SEA's waves, emerges !

Will-Power ! And whence ? . . . Your mid-night dream  
 With words, thoughts, vivid acts, may teem !  
 Yet, when your startled senses wake,  
 No retrospect shall MEMORY take !

Is it your WILL your MIND benumbs,  
 When thoughts are marred by rattling drums ?  
 Or jangling bells make mind distraught ?—  
 Or is it WILL, which harrows thought,  
 When mind, with jealous doubts o'er-run,  
 Still " makes the meat it feeds upon ? "  
 Or is it WILL, which harbors fears,  
 When hungry WANT your threshold nears,  
 And mindful SENSE, with cares o'erfraught,  
 In drowning " drink " would STIFLE thought ? . . .  
 No questions these for flippant pause !—  
 Their answer waits—in NATURE's LAWS !

WILL ! and you call it REASON, O ! Bob !  
Will ! whirling on your angry mob,  
Firing obnoxious church . . . . until,  
With " Gatling guns," comes COUNTER WILL !

What's FEAR, but WILL to run ? . . . . what's PLUCK,  
But will to fight ? . . . WILL " runs amuck,"  
When mad Malays their " minds " release,  
Will-power sustained by powers in—CREESE  
Cut, from that creese-hilt, finger-grip—  
Your madman flies from lifted whip !  
MIND, on his brain—with instant thrill—  
Bids him be off ! . . . . and that's his—WILL !

Dispute it, Bob ! . . . Tell us, that brain  
Softens—and makes these MINDS insane !  
Well, then, what faculty perpend,  
In madman's brain, misleading friends,  
Or baffling foes, with occult skill—  
Till " mind made up " shall work his—WILL ?

IDEAS—like wavelets, gathering force—  
May wind their ways, with unknown course ;  
But if, to ACT, their force impel,  
'Tis MIND which wields them—sick or well !  
Fancy, with fitful force, may thrill—  
VOICE it, or ACT it . . . 'tis your WILL !

And "Reason enthroned" is—WILL ! . . . . What more  
 What less? what else? . . . . "Two twos are four!"  
 SENSE tells you this!—Your EYES perceive :  
 These numbers, as your THOUGHT, you weave—  
 Your creed—your reason!—and you may still  
 Conceal or utter it—as you WILL ! . . .

So, Bob's high REASON—as "god and lord"—  
 Is Bob's OWN WILL!—by Bob adored!—  
 Bob leads all "self-made men," by odds :  
 HIMSELF he makes his—"god of gods!" . . . .

Thoughts are but WORDS! to make up mind,  
 As beads upon a string you bind!—  
 But whence are WORDS? . . . . I ask not Watts,  
 Locke, Boyle, or Reid, what makes your thoughts :  
 Since SENSE, alone—for beast or man—  
 Makes mind, to feel, seek, find, or plan! . . . .  
 Max Müller! astute philologist!—  
 For Oxford grinding "Aryan" grist—  
 Müller his prompt opinion perks,  
 That words were made for mind, by—jerks ;  
 Spit as "popt-corn"—when sense (by springs)  
 Heard, saw, smelt, touched, or tasted things! . . . .  
 So much for Müller—and divers wits—  
 Scrap-booking SPEECH, by "bric-brac" bits :  
 Cow-moo, and sheep-bleat, dog-bark, goose-hiss!—  
 With "bow-wow theory" Max abuses!



WORDS ! what are lexicons of words,  
 But bleats of lambs, and trills of birds,  
 Till SENSE associates word with THOUGHT,  
 And MIND, with serried words, is wrought ?  
 Cat caterwauls, and terrier yelps :  
 They voice their WILLS—for hurts and helps ;  
 And SENSE, for beast, for bird, for fish,  
 “ Perception ” gives—for WILL—for WISH !

“ Instinct ” it is ! my BOOKS explain !  
 “ Something within ! ” says book-lit BRAIN !—  
 But will you POST its force “ within,”  
 Which stirs a worm, impaled on pin ? . . . .  
 Is it in *brains* of squid or slug ?—  
 Is it in *belly* of headless bug ?  
 If brain of bird impels to sing,  
 What moves your jelly-fish to sting ?

O ! fine-spun REASON ! O ! subtle MIND !  
 Your “ introspect,” how bright !—how blind ! . . . .  
 Some “ power within ” (you think)—occult—  
 Makes a flea skip—like catapult !  
 While MAN, poor biped ! hardly speeds,  
 With WILL to chase down millepedes ! . . . .

Flea skips some sixty times its length !  
 Mosketos buzz with bag pipe strength ;  
 Ambush they lie in ! blood they scent !  
 Dodge blows—by “ reasoning ” MIND well-meant—

'Till a man's brain— for sleep inclined—  
They addle ! . . . And yet you doubt their—Mind !

So Science sees poor insects quail,  
Retract their legs, when pins impale ;  
Antennæ clasped, like hands you fold,  
Helpless, when heats of heart grow cold ! . . .  
Science sees fish from nets out-flop,  
And birds, pursued, toward shelter drop :  
SENSSES (stirred first) sensorium smite !  
Cause queried—guessed—WILL, then, and—flight !—  
Self-same such sequences of thrills,  
For men, for mites ! . . . their MINDS ! their WILLS !

God sways by LAWS ! . . . His LAWS ordain  
That WILL alone o'er earth shall reign !  
Whatso Man WILLS, in all his ways,  
FORCE “ backs ” him in— all nights, all days ;  
Force, in all grains of soils and seeds,  
Helps when he WILLS, for harvest needs ;  
Force, in all veins, all nerves, all thews,  
Helps him all faculties to use !—  
Force, at his WILL, waits everywhere ;  
And, wheresoever it waits—'tis AIR !

AIR everywhere ! . . . And if its powers—  
Comprest, or in expanse—be ours ;  
Engines to urge, until their force  
Transcend all powers of ox or horse ;

What, then, if AIR we breathe, to live,  
 All MOTIVE-POWER of life shall give ?  
 What if these complex frames we wear,  
 Are ENGINES—moved by FORCE of AIR ?—  
 Dynams of air, like steam-force drawn,  
 For veins, and nerves, for thews and brawn ;  
 Heat-force, ELECTRIC, fed by thrills—  
 For hearts, and brains, and minds, and WILLS ?

Yea ! if unseen, unfelt efflux  
 From a man's face, through air, conducts  
 His facial traits—for phototype,  
 Touched, as by master-skill of CUP—  
 Wherefore not flows of unfelt air,  
 Pictures of thoughts, for BRAIN, to bear ? . . . .

SOMETHING must reach receptive sense—  
 Substance must TOUCH with power intense !  
 If it be only AIR, which thrills,  
 By “ pressure-points ”—as reasoning wills—  
 Whence is its force ? and how may brain  
 Such myriad shades of thought retain ?  
 And when we pause—with memory blurred—  
 Whence, at our wills, come thought and word ? ‘ 7

WORDS make IDEAS ! From birth to death,  
 Words upon words we make, with breath :  
 What now, if breath, propulsive, mould  
 Each utterance of our lips, and hold

Impress of words?—as facial traits,  
 Air-borne, are etched on photo-plates?  
 Is it less wonderful, to trace  
 These transcripts of your pictured face—  
 Passing through flowing air, commixt  
 With flowing lights, till ART has fixt  
 NATURE's true semblance?—is it, O ! MIND !  
 Less marvellous, that words, are lined  
 By lightning-sparks, from WILLS to WILLS?...  
 And why not *sparks*, for THINKING thrills?....  
 When our low lip-words, tone by tone,  
 Make audible AIR—through telephone?....  
 Why should we halt—for guess-work?.... There,  
 O ! REASON ! are ALL your WORDS !.... in AIR !

Air !.... Were it LOST, what else remains?—  
 What is there else, ALL ELSE contains?  
 What is there else eludes all quest,  
 When crucial heats enforce your test?  
 Fires cannot search out AIR.... Ye fill  
 Retorts !—MALARIA ye distil !—  
 Naming its poisons—class by class—  
 So be it !.... Eliminate each gas ....  
 And, as your red alembic beats—  
 Potential with consuming heats—  
 There, at its core electric —there,  
 In its white heat—flows NATURE'S AIR ;

AIR, as it flows for us when breath  
(Freed in our hearts from seeds of death)  
Kisses all ducts of blood, with stress  
Of strength, and whirls those VORTICES  
Men have named CORPUSCLES, which bear  
Force for all functions . . . . FORCE of AIR! . . .

Force in each breath we breathe! . . . Yea, Bob!  
Swell your big heart, with pulsive throb!—  
Flash your IDEAS out! roll each word  
Stentorian, as your lungs are stirred! . . .  
God help you! . . . If 'twere yours this night,  
To feel that flash, on blinded sight,  
SAUL felt, what time DAMASCUS gate  
Opened for him, on "street called STRAIGHT,"  
Haply, ONE breath of bracing breeze  
Might cast you on your trembling knees;  
With your brow bright—your bosom bare;  
And your heart drinking LIGHT—from AIR!—

## FYTTE ELEVENTH.

Men die for CREEDS ! . . . But never an age  
Wrote MARTYRS' names on sceptic page !  
Men of all lands their gods have zoned,  
In heavenly airs, nor gods disowned ;  
Alike for JOVE—alike for JOSS—  
Dying, by faggot, scaffold, cross !  
But never, I ween, with loyal trust,  
Has atheist REASONER died for—DUST !

Death is your goal, Bob ! Dupes of " CHANCE "  
At a rope's end may end their dance !  
Some bloody MINDS by priest are shriven,  
And KETCH cries—" All aboard, for—heaven ! "  
While others, Bob-wise, kick the rope,  
Without one prayer—without one hope !—  
But, if your " world's mind " marshals out  
ONE atheist MARTYR, dying for DOUBT—  
And chirping " CHANCE ! " with choking throb—  
Tell us what DIRT he died on, Bob !

I cannot reckon how stubborn WILL  
May check-rein hold on dying thrill ;  
Or muzzle a man at dying pass,  
Cutting his throat before a glass ! . . .

Nor do I reckon it—*pro* or *con*—  
 What death-bed proved, for ADDISON,  
 More than it proved for THOMAS PAINE :  
 For WILL may tug, with stoic strain  
 When savage chieftain, girt by foes,  
 All tortures bears, nor tremor shows !

From Darwin's dust his breath might pass,  
 Sobless, as breath of ox or ass ;  
 And Beecher's brawn his brain may brace,  
 With dying thoughts of " saving grace : "  
 And RENAN, dying at ease, may sigh—  
 " See how IDEALISM can die ! " ...  
 " Agnostic " even—ere brain succumb—  
 May say, with sickening WILL . . . . " *Sic sum !* "  
 While Death shall damp an ATHEIST boast,  
 When COURTLAND PALMER sees . . . . his " GHOST ! " <sup>58</sup>

But, if, your ATHEIST calmly stand,  
 With " mind made up," and razor in hand—  
 And tender eyes on tearful wife—  
 His infant at her font of life ;  
 And if he THEN says—" Honor bright !  
 'Tis but a " short cut " . . . . wife ! good night ! " . . . .  
 " Game " he may be !—So much I'll own !—  
 But " game " we COUNT, when " dice " are THROWN !

No, sir ! . . . . Your play's not yet " played out ! "  
 You're not yet—DEAD ! my man of " doubt ! "

Nor, when your eyes, on woman and babe,  
Close—and your earthly astrolabe,  
Whirls all its rings, as rings run round,  
For a man bludgeon'd, hanged, or drowned !—  
Yea ! though your frame fall, prone to earth ;  
Blood-wet your chamber's carpet-girth ;  
Still must you THINK ! with quicker mind,  
Than ever before, in life !—nor blind,  
With DOUBTS, at that LAST HOUR supreme !  
LIGHT shall be yours . . . . with LIGHTNING gleam !

Ah ! INJURES OUL ! . . . . If WILL so loose  
From NATURE's laws, for MIND obtuse ;  
If HEART, estranged from love and life—  
(Albeit the dolt might “ love ” his wife)—  
Could, for ONE INSTANT, thrill with LIGHT,  
Which burned on MINE, one dying night !—  
Yea ! burned upon my dying heart !—  
When, with such throes and throbs as part  
Body from soul—and with my MIND  
Conscious of all—each sense defined,  
I sank, like wretch by hand impelled  
Toward yawning chasm—and o'er it held !—  
Supine my soul—suppressed my breath !  
Dying—through deadly fear of death ! . . . .

And at that mortal hour—Oh ! God !  
Feeling all ways my walks had trod



BASELESS behind me ! . . . even as his,  
 (Lured through Egyptian mysteries,) 59  
 Who scaled ascending stairs—each round  
 From foot-hold lost, in gulf profound ;  
 Till death-grip, at abysmal brim,  
 SAVED him . . . all crumbling under him ! . . .

Yea ! I rehearsed that hideous dream !  
 Whiles, in my LIGHT's electric gleam,  
 All MEMORIES, of my LIFE returned :  
 Record, by fires of CONSCIENCE burned !  
 Record, each passing SOUL must read,  
 Ere MIND, from earthly SENSE, be freed !

Dream-Sense ! . . . And yet no poppy-flowers,  
 Wimpling DE QUINCEY's poison'd powers ;  
 No hasheesh, eaten in Eastern land—  
 No nodous nerves, in skull trepann'd—  
 Did ever, as mortal MIND, combine  
 Such “ michen malicho,” as mine ;  
 When “ will-o'-th'-wisp ” my senses led,  
 And all my mind with fancies fed ;  
 And whereso'er its dance I traced,  
 Phantoms I imaged, phantoms chased !  
 By wildered WILL, in wildered ways,  
 My MIND impressed, through nights and days,  
 And yet my REASON invoked, to guide  
 All movements, and all ways decide ! . . .

"Reflection," at my call, subvened ;  
 Books brought to bear, where bias leaned ;  
 Calm cogitation, pondering acts ;  
 Slow dubitation, measuring "facts ;"....  
 Enough ! my MIND a "skeptical" made ! ...  
 My SOUL was on my Saviour stayed !

"LIKE unto LIKE!"—and "kind with kind!"—  
 And fire-damp LIGHT for faithless mind !  
 No WISDOM shines for "skeptical" brains,  
 Where REASON alone o'er SENSES reigns !  
 Let grave-worms creep to grave-yard goal !—  
 Pass, TOMS and BOBS ! pass—INJURESOUL !

What ails our MIND ! .... It lacks not wit—  
 Nor "facts"—like "proofs of Holy Writ!"—...  
 That AIRS we breathe all bases yield,  
 By stress of heats, to FORMS annealed !  
 And that—with TIME allowed—our wills  
 Might mould out meadows, rear up hills :  
 Yea ! by man's means !—nor "buts" nor "ifs"—  
 Pile Pelions ! Ossas !—Teneriffes ! ....

And yet, yon Teneriffe abuts  
 On soils which AIR from Science shuts ;  
 MALARIA's Nessus shirt, which eats  
 Poor Human Strength, with AFRIC heats ! ....

What REASON is this, your TOMS enthrone ?  
 Your BOBS, by ground-glass lens, make known ?

What worlds are these, we hoist in space,  
 With never a world for MAN's poor race ?  
 With never an aidful thought for toils,  
 Forefending doom from seeds and soils ;  
 Forecasting helps for human ails,  
 When fell MALARIA's force assails ?—  
 Force of impoisoned wind, which flows  
 Wherever, on earth, a heat-force glows ;  
 And germs of death, all oceans o'er,  
 Bears to New York—from Jassicore !<sup>60</sup>

Yea ! as your chemist blindly boils  
 Converging AIRS with blow-pipe coils ;  
 And gas with gas attempts to guage !—  
 Yea ! as his fires concentrate rage ;  
 Till vile MALARIA “beats retreat,”  
 From CARBON flows of HEAT—pure HEAT !  
 NATURE off-casting foes, to pass  
 By chemic names, of GAS with GAS !—  
 While SCIENCE smugly makes her note ;  
 “ One fifth OZONE—four fifths AZOTE ! ” . . .

What ails us ? . . . . Wherefore learn we not  
 Why swart Sahara sands are hot ?  
 Why salts enrich Timbuctoo's marts,  
 While salt from half her soils departs ?  
 Why Niger's watery wealth upwells,  
 To curse with bogs her woodland dells ?

And why, since Pharoahs lived, has MIND  
 Seen turbid Nile through deserts wind ;  
 Seen Soudan's lakes, o'ergrown with grass,  
 While Soudan's roads through jungles pass :  
 Seen floods of Nile, on Egypt's verge,  
 Fling off their fats in Red Sea surge ;  
 Nor once has MIND, for Afric needs,  
 Shown wedlock ways—of soils with seeds ;  
 Save when Lake MÆRIS drank from NILE—  
 And priceless muriates drank, the while ! . . . .  
 O ! Science ! SCIENCE ! . . . . All ages cry :  
 What ails your MIND ? what blinds your EYE ? <sup>61</sup>

“ World's Mind ! Your throne of REASON, O ! sage !  
 Mock throne, of kings on play-house stage ;  
 Half of their AIMS but paltry plays ;  
 Half of their ENDS but endless maze !  
 Kings of all realms in SCIENCE mapped ;  
 Glib with all speech, all accents apt ;  
 But, for considerate ends—or aims—  
 Which man from man, as kindred, claims ;  
 For real results—of books or brains—  
 What, beyond play house pomps, remains ?

Some measurers' metes, some sailors' charts ;  
 Some helps for hurts, some aids to arts ;  
 Some r hymes of bards, some lore re-vamped,  
 Some guess where Cæsars killed or camped ;

Crank chasing crank, with crank conceits ;  
Cranks cheated by self-cheating cheats ;  
All whims, all whams, of wanton wills,  
To cure all curses—kill all ills—<sup>62</sup>  
But yet no LIGHT, and yet no PLAN,  
Man's EARTH to reconcile—with MAN !

Idle surmise ! . . . . When poisoned air  
Flows in all skies, its doom to bear ;  
And in all climes, from airs exsuct,  
Malaria moves, through duct and duct ;  
And all malarious monads course,  
Through mortal frames with fluid force ;  
Now, from Sirocco's desert font,  
Toward weltering waves of Hellespont ;  
Anon, on east wind's clammy breath,  
Germinating with cold, consuming death ;  
Again—direct as sea-gull's flight—  
From tropic swamps, out-bearing blight !—  
Malarious breeze, on direful track,  
Flies the foul flags of "Yellow Jack !"   
And wafts each vile, insidious germ,  
In swarms of unseen zoö-sperm ! . . . .

HEAT ! loving HEAT ! Sweet Nature's life !  
Light ! blessed LIGHT ! for mankind rife !  
Monads of purest AIR—from Heaven—  
For lives, for loves, for joys, were given ;

'Till MAN—from Nature's Laws estranged—  
 Their MOVEMENT marred—their LIKENESS changed!

Yea! "Reason enthroned on MIND!" and earth,  
 With blasted soils, through half her girth!  
 And lands manured with human bones,  
 At nods of mannikins on thrones;  
 And then . . . what, then? . . . Why, BOB's "ideas!"  
 And TOM's conceits!—as panaceas!

Quack-nostrums for all human ills! . . .  
 And CHRIST barred out by pews and pales!  
 Yea! the sweet CHRIST, whose image waits  
 In poor men's forms, at rich men's gates,  
 Barred from this earth "OUR FATHER" gave—  
 No ground his own! . . . not even his grave! <sup>68</sup>

Light! Heat! and Air!—O! mother's prayer,  
 My childhood learned! . . . "God everywhere!" . . .  
 What more for me? when SCIENCE proves,  
 How, in all substance, Heat-Force moves?  
 How in all airs, are spores and sperms  
 Of all things, quick for seeds and germs? . . .

And, if ONE LAW of LIKE impel  
 Each natural spore with LIKE to dwell;  
 And, to assure this, CURRENTS move—  
 Currents of air—as groove with groove;

FORCE in each groove, as force of air ;  
 LIKE in each groove, as freights to bear ;  
 What more—as LAWS and FORCE—I ask,  
 Shall Nature want, for Nature's task ?  
 Task of CREATION ! task, to make  
 Each spore, each germ, some structure take !  
 Structure ordained ! as “KIND with KIND !”  
 In earth, in air, in seas, in—MIND ! . . . . 64

And, if, in matter of salts, abides  
 Sodium, as chemic test decides ;  
 And if, in matter of sea-shore shells,  
 Lime-light subsist, as chemist tells ;  
 Whence come they, when alembic heats  
 Make airs to throb, with crucial beats ?  
 Whence are they brought—toward light of mind ?  
 I answer : each one from its “KIND !”  
 Air-currents ever, in flows distinct,  
 Each bearing freights of “kind ” succinct !  
 Or salts, or lime, or metal, or gas—  
 Each, in its current, still must pass ;  
 Each, in its current, still withheld ;  
 And “kind ” from “kind ” by LAW impelled !

Come CHEMISTRY ! 'Tis yours to show  
 Wherefore and whence these GASES flow ;  
 Why this AZOTE, with deadly powers,  
 “Volumed and vast,” o'er mankind lowers—

And what shall separate CARBON flows  
 From acrid heats of airs NITROSE ;  
 My word is THIS : no force can dyke  
 Carbon from Nitrogen—but “ LIKE ! ”  
 And as one LAW of LIKE rules air,  
 So rules it NATURE—everywhere ! <sup>65</sup>

And wheresoever it CANNOT sway,  
 MAN has “ corrupted ” NATURE’S way !  
 Monads have MIXED, in airs and earth !  
 ALIENS commingling—birth with birth ! . . . .  
 Alack ! . . . . what sound, save serpent-hiss,  
 Whispers thy secrets . . . . GENESIS ?

HIS deadly drug DE QUINCEY chews,  
 With flowing heats of blood to fuse ;  
 And the poor “ Opium-Eater ” flits  
 Through books, as if he WILLED his WITS !  
 But minds there are, which never pored  
 On “ fancies,” outside “ broker’s board ; ”  
 Minds, by no books allured, beyond  
 Ledgers and day-books, closely conned :  
 No opium makes up “ thoughts ” for these ;  
 Yet brain-work brings them “ Bright’s disease ! ” . . .  
 When loins relax, from loosening reins,  
 And kidneys cast up force for brains ;  
 Till, in their “ grand advance,” on lines  
 Of mills, and marts, and meads, and mines,



Down—like a deep-sea lead—they sink ! . . .  
 'Tis “Bright’s disease !” their doctors—think !  
 Nor reck, nor seek, with surgeon’s probe,  
 Through BRAINS and KIDNEYS—lobe with lobe—  
 ONE pregnant “fact !”—as WISDOM’s wike !  
 MALARIA’s movement . . . . “Like” with “like !” 66

But never I ween—till surgeon learns  
 What occult fire through NATURE burns ;  
 What flows of flame, by NATURE’S course,  
 Motions of hearts and brains enforce ;  
 Shall ails of mind and flesh be cured,  
 With NATURE’S helps for hurts—assured !  
 TRIUNE ! through all Creation’s frame !—  
 Air ! Light ! and Heat ! . . . . their Motor—FLAME

Air, in all skies, with ambient vent ;  
 Air, in all earth, as molecules blent ;  
 Air, in all seas, which heats compress ;  
 Ice-bergs by HEATS congealed, no less !

Heat-force, through Movement, brine effumes,  
 And shapes of basic salts assumes ;  
 Whence sodium parts, and silex flows,  
 Metals to mould, and sands compose.

Heat-force, no less, in deeps of seas,  
 Crustacea’s coils and crypts decrees ;

Slowly, and softly, lime-light glints,  
For lines of shapes, and shades of tints !

Lime-light ! in amber's brightness known,  
Lime-light ! which stirs in diamond stone ;  
Whence and what is it, save NATURE'S LIFE,  
In all airs flowing—in all things rife ?

All textures, tinctures, plexures, plies—  
By heat-force wrought, from seas and skies ;  
All webs and woofs of terrene frame,  
Light-units ! air-units !—moved by FLAME !

What news is this ? . . . . 'Twas long-since proved,  
That LIKE toward LIKE, by NATURE, moved !  
"Atomic Theory !"—conned by schools,  
Ere Dalton shaped Berzelian rules !  
"Affinities"—for mote with mote—  
Men guessed, when Anaxagoras wrote !  
"Cohesion" called—of grain with grain !—  
"Attraction !" hailed, by Newton's brain ! . . . .  
What odds ? . . . . Each scholiast sets up sike !  
Each index points toward—"LIKE with LIKE !"   
And it is mine, to day—with faith  
In SINAI'S LIGHT my steadfast staith !—  
Here to maintain this TRUTH—that CAUSE  
Dwells—co-eternally with LAWS !—  
Twin-Laws ! wherefrom, with ceaseless FORCE,  
MOVEMENT ! toward LIKE ! is Nature's Course !

Like Law and Law of Movement ! twinn'd,  
As HEAT with LIGHT—as AIR with WIND !

And—as my Reason affirms—these LAWS,  
With FLAME-FORCE, constitute “ FIRST CAUSE ! ”  
And I accept, this hour, as “ FACTS,”  
Solid as “ reasoning mind ” exacts—  
That, in these AIRS we breathe, all fires  
Exist forever, and show their spires  
Wherever, as FORCE, a LIGHT shall strike :  
HEAT unto LIGHT lured—LIKE to LIKE !

And, from these AIRS—as breath we claim—  
All things are wrought, through Force of Flame !  
All growth, all forms, all stirs, of things ;  
All organisms, with all their springs ; . . .  
Wherefore descant ? . . . All else I merge  
In HIM ! “ THE WORD ! ” my DEMI-URGE !  
And, on my knees—my nature awed—  
Name HIM, with Moses . . . “ SPIRIT of GOD ! ”

Cramped are my words by metric frame—  
Faintly illumed by WISDOM's flame ;  
Feebly, indeed, may MIND transmit  
Language of LAWS by NATURE writ !  
And minds are rare, and rarer yet  
Are SOULS, which turn from track-way set ;  
So, haply, whiles I wend my ways,  
From stalking stilts of studious days ;

Shadows of stilted minds shall cast  
Long lines of dusk on roadways passed ;  
And " pygmies perched on Alps " may WILL  
Their giant walks, as " pygmies still ! "  
But this I ask of REASON—ON MIND :  
Tell me, what " Laws of Force " could bind,  
With rule so firm, with reach so wide,  
All things to MAKE, all things to GUIDE—  
And means provide, and METHOD strike—  
As " LAW of MOVEMENT ! " " Law of LIKE ! "

Tell me, what else, for NATURE'S needs—  
In silts of soils, and salts of seeds—  
What else, for gems, and ores, and flowers,  
To deck this gladsome world of ours—  
What more, what else, but LAWS and FORCE,  
Completion planned, for Nature's course ?

Molecules they move, for layers of rocks ;  
And fibrous flecks—for fleece of flocks ;  
" LIKE unto LIKE ! " through Nature's works ,  
No unit stirred, with jars or jerks ;  
But moved by force of flowing heat,  
As grains of flour, to breads accrete ;  
And foams of seas to granites grow ;  
And fires of seas in sapphires glow ;  
Their saline flows, when sands combine,  
Returned—as LIKE with LIKE—to brine !

So, from all seas, on shoreward gales,  
MOVEMENT their ambient brine exhales ;  
Seas, on ascending airs ascend ;  
“ LIKE unto LIKE,” as chlorides, blend ;  
Their salts released, by filtering heat,  
Fresh rain they make, for verdure sweet ;  
Yet, in these schools, which MINDS conduct,  
Our babes are taught that salts are sucked  
From soils, by flowing streams, and these  
Bear freights of salt—to salt all seas !—  
Yea ! though each child, at sea-side rills,  
May quaff sweet waters earth distils ;  
Fresh water wells on island leas,  
Bubbling from sands engirt by seas ! <sup>67</sup>

What now, if SCIENCE—as COMMON SENSE—  
Saw salts in seas . . . . and, reasoning thence,  
Saw salts in shells . . . . and simply traced  
Shores unto sands, on sea-salts based ?

What now, if Science—above constraints—  
Saw the same HEAT, which CORAL paints,  
Burnt into silicates, by flares  
Of fires on China’s porcelain wares ?

What, now, if AIR, in chimney-chute,  
Coal-grime accretes ; for acrid soot ;  
And the same air, in purer flows,  
Carbon accretes, as diamond glows ?

Yea ! the same HEATS, in AIR, constrain  
Clouds to express their freshening rain ;  
Lightnings to course, and clouds congest ;  
Wild thunders in their HEATS compest !

And if those heats compest shall mass—  
Like heats in sands, which fuse as glass,—  
Hark, now ! while fires explosive roar—  
And SCIENCE notes—one “ meteor ” more !

And SAVANTS shake their sapient heads,  
Doubtful, if AIR such substance sheds ! . . . .  
As if ten thousand sapient minds  
(By crucial test, which reason binds ! )  
Had not already, in stress of flames,  
Smelted ten thousand meteor-frames !  
Yea ! with each TEST of airs we note,  
When “ solid ” sinks, and “ fluids ” float !  
Yea ! with each chemic test, to prove  
How fires each separate substance move—  
“ LIKE unto LIKE ! ”—till iron or brass  
Fuses in fumes of mounting gas ! . . . .  
“ Hard facts,” my friends, from fluids osmose,  
To build a small-sized chemic Cosmos !<sup>68</sup>

My Song subsides ! . . . . If echoes dwell,  
Voiceful, beyond my hermit cell ;  
Voiceful, where words of mine shall strike,  
To lift their burthen—“ LIKE with LIKE ! ”—

So mote it be ! . . . . Some words of weight  
May wait—with thoughts of weight—to mate ! . . . .  
I make no claims, at censor's hand,  
Save this : By all my words I stand !—  
And if light minds, with curt contempt,  
Count me from censorship exempt—  
Or if bright minds, with brusque rebuff,  
Sum up my simple creed, as—" Stuff ! "—  
So mote it be ! . . . . When LIGHT rejects  
Light, such as FAITH of mine reflects,  
Let LIGHT confute !—My word shall bide,  
While flows yon Gulf Stream's tropic tide ;  
And walls of waters straitwise dyke  
Heats within heats, and LIKE with LIKE !<sup>19</sup>

## FYTTE TWELFTH.

Wide are all ways by pilgrims worn ;  
Illumed with lights by pilgrims borne ;  
And faintly flares my lifted lamp,  
And feebly fares my onward tramp ;  
What odds ? . . . . Beyond this foot-worn pike,  
LIGHT dwells ETERNAL !—“ LIKE with LIKE ! ”

And here, with lifted pen, I pause,  
As homeward traveller bridle draws,  
When evening falls on forward ways,  
And lights he sees, through twilight haze ;  
Lights of an old-time bridge he knows—  
Beyond that old-time bridge—REPOSE ! . . . .

“ LIKE unto LIKE ! . . . So swiftly sure,  
One air-breath makes the pure—IMPURE !  
Scent follows taint, on cleanest grass,  
And sweetest showers feed foul morass ;  
And yet proud REASON ignores a fact  
So trite, it marks each transient act ;  
Fact of unchanging proof—that nought  
Stirs, but by AIR-FORCE—not even THOUGHT ;  
Yea ! that all thoughts, all joys, all pains,  
All thrills of hearts, and throbs of brains ;



All substances, and shapes, and shades,  
 Known unto MIND, by metes and grades ;  
 Are wrought by AIR—or blent with it ;  
 “Fitness decreed where fittings fit !”  
 Yea ! REASON ignores and SCIENCE scouts  
 This TRUTH—to “make up mind”—with “doubts !”<sup>10</sup>

First of Two LAWS !—Twin-made, when birth,  
 By DEITY ruled, made Heaven and Earth ! . . . .  
 But—before Heaven, as Heaven, had place—  
 Twin-Laws, of GOD-HEAD ! throned in—SPACE !  
 Twin Laws of DEITY ! whence they make  
 ESSENCE of LAWS . . . . for DEITY’s sake ! . . . .<sup>11</sup>

“Movement law !”—“Like law !” . . . . And these twain  
 Twinn’d, in Creation’s textile chain ! . . .  
 And in ETERNE EXISTENCE twinn’d,  
 Ere Earth was made—or man had sinned !

So, GOD-HEAD bides ! within that bar  
 Of INFINITE LIGHT, whence all things are !  
 Sole Source of Being ! and by His laws ,  
 Shielded—as Life’s Immaculate CAUSE !  
 FORE-FENDED ! by his Laws Divine !  
 That his Eternal Light shall shine—  
 Yet never a unit, of all that LIGHT,  
 With ELSE than unit of LOVE unite !  
 Love ! His Ineffable Heart ! whence came  
 His Sacred WORD ! my LIGHT ! my FLAME !<sup>12</sup>

“All things were made by HIM ! ” said one  
 Who “leaned upon His breast”—Saint John !  
 “ He was WITH GOD ! ”—“ WAS GOD ! ”....my WORD !  
 “ He was made flesh ! ”....Saint John averred !

So DEITY dwells for me !....So shine  
 His LIGHTS, to teach this MIND of mine—  
 What seers have seen—what sages write ;  
 “ Gospel ” which John said : “ GOD is LIGHT ! ”

Yea ! “ GOD is LIGHT ! ”....And His own Laws  
 Constitute Him His Own First Cause !  
 For that His INFINITE LIGHT shall Be !  
 God-head !....no LIKE like HIM....but HE !

Life, from His LIGHT, all natures draw !  
 Himself His only LIKE....by LAW !  
 Yet, in HIMSELF, as FLAME, He dwells—  
 FLAME-FORCE ! and MOVEMENT still impels !

Posit this IMMANENCE ! which flows,<sup>78</sup>  
 As FLAME, in Light's ETERNE REPOSE ;  
 And we discern—in ceaseless course—  
 Creative GOD ! His WORD ! His FORCE !

So, those High Laws for aye constrain  
 All NATURAL things, by flexile chain ;  
 So unto KIND shall KIND consort—  
 And kindred MOVEMENTS kindred court ;

Fish, with its kind, in seas to swim—  
Bird, with its kind, in airs to skim ;  
Life, from some semblance likeness take ;  
Units with units union make !

All NATURAL things ! all NATURAL stirs—  
Untainted NATURE claimed as HERS ;  
Till WILLS and WAYS, by mankind wooed,  
Brought aims and ends which Nature rued ;  
And minds perverse their “ Reason enthroned,”  
Belittling LAWS by GOD-HEAD owned !  
And souls, ensnared by sense perverse,  
Walked wilful ways, from worse to worse !<sup>74</sup>

LAWS owned by GOD-HEAD ! ’Twas my word !  
Haply, by Reason of Manhood stirred !—  
Haply, by LIGHTS my mind has known,  
From SCRIPTURE words, by WISDOM shown ;  
When, in my walks—as DAVID said—  
“ His candle shined upon my head !”

And, as my REASON its LIKE may claim,  
So shall my sight see SINAI’S FLAME !  
For well I ween, no fires of mind  
Aught, save their LIKE, in LIGHT may find !

Yea ! though I soared, like cherubim—  
And songs I sang like seraphim—  
Nor songs, nor prayers, nor wit, nor will,  
Could win, from LIGHT SUPREME one thrill !—

Except my SOUL—as flame with flame—  
 LIKE, of ITSELF, from LIGHT might claim !—  
 Except, as MAN—with MANHOOD kin—  
 Might kiss, for kiss, from GOD-HEAD win !—  
 For that, as Manhood, GOD-HEAD came :  
 Spake, died, and rose again !—HIS FLAME ! <sup>75</sup>

Yea ! and between my SOUL and HIM,  
 Before whose LIGHT all stars are dim ;  
 Yea ! and between my mind's ascent,  
 And the WHITE LIGHT, from GOD-HEAD sprent ;  
 Soundless abysses of LIGHT might flow,  
 Nor yet one ray my REASONING know ;  
 Save as those Sacred LAWS assure :  
 “ LIKE unto LIKE ! ” . . . . PURE unto PURE !—

What else HIS SHIELD ? my GOD of LIGHT !—  
 Warding from HIM your fire-damp blight ! . . . .  
 What else enshrines HIS LOVE—from Hate ?  
 HIS LIGHT enthrones—IMMACULATE !  
 HIS “ GOODNESS ” guards—from alien ills ?  
 HIS WILL confirms—o'er alien wills ? . . . .

LAWS owned by GOD-HEAD ! . . . . Yea ! when GOD  
 Was GOD ! . . . . before one human clod—  
 Made by HIS WORD—its eyes upturned,  
 To mark where summer lightnings burned !  
 When in HIS INFINITE LIGHT, HE dwelt,  
 Ere men by rules and rubrics, knelt ; —

And LAWS, no less—LIGHT LAWS, no less—  
Swayed His INEFFABLE BLESSEDNESS ! 76

Ere yet the All-making “Spirit of Light”  
Made ADAM and EVE ! made NATURE bright !  
Made brutish forms, with brains to fit ;  
And on all brains His LIGHT-LAWS writ :  
Light-laws, and Life-laws, writ with rain  
Of heavenly fires, for human brain ;  
And, for each brain of brute, designed—  
To the full compass of its—MIND ! . . .

LAWS ! owned by GOD-HEAD ! while, as yet,  
Nature was NOT ! TWIN-LAWS ! which met—  
As “GOD with GOD !”—His LIFE DIVINE !  
Light ! Heat ! and Flame ! His NATURE ! Trine !

All-Wise ! All-Good ! All Pure ! His WILL !  
Made Adam and Eve His LIKE !—And still  
Were Woman and Man as CHRIST above !—  
Their MINDS all LIGHT—their Hearts all LOVE !—  
Had REASON, as LIKE to LIKE, inclined,  
Heart unto Heart—and MIND to MIND !

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Rest thee my PEN ! . . . With many a thought,  
Voiceless, as yet, my mind was fraught ! . . .  
And in my ways of words, ere long,  
Thoughts I may utter, as NATURE’S song !

When warm winds blow—as book repeats—  
 Yon Gulf Stream swells, with tropic heats ;  
 Warm winds have wooed my flowing WILL,  
 And tropic tides allure me still !....

Haply, where thoughtful minds may share,  
 Sweet heats, effused from lights in air,  
 Words unto thoughts may still be given,  
 And earthly airs make “ lights in heaven ! ”  
 MOVEMENT-LAW !—LIKE LAW ! These my claim !  
 Light ! Heat ! and Air !—TRIUNE as FLAME !  
 Front-wise, with SCRIPTURE clasped in hand,  
 By these TWIN-LAWS, my soul shall stand !

FINIS !....But first this word I write :  
 SCIENCE ! I challenge you !..Give LIGHT !  
 You scoff my Christian Faith, in scribes  
 Who wrote some words for Hebrew Tribes !  
 You swing your suns and systems out,  
 By your own Laws !....Your Laws I DOUBT !  
 Your boast of TRUTH I’ve heard too long :  
 Give me now “ confirmation strong  
 As proofs of HOLY WRIT ! ”....or cease  
 Your baseless claims....and hold your peace !

No boast is mine !...No crude discourse,  
 Of movements guessed—of unfelt force !  
 LIGHT I uplift ! my FORCE my CAUSE !  
 LAWS I uphold ! omnific LAWS !

And if your MIND my FAITH attacks,  
As Faith no book but BIBLE backs ;  
Still shall my terse rejoinder plead—  
“ Show me what BIBLE backs your creed ! ”

What can you bring—but books of MAN !—  
Writ, and re-writ, and blotted again ?  
Doubted, denied, upraised, down-trod ?....  
Here is MY Book !—my WORD of GOD !....

Scorn it, ye Schools !—’Tis MY reliance !  
My LAW ! my FORCE !.... Yea !—and my SCIENCE !

FINIS.





# NOTES.

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NOTE 1, page 5, line 2.—A *liar-in-wait* slays man or woman with steel or lead. *INJURES* lies in wait for weak souls ; his avowed purpose, to disrupt churches, destroy faith in God, loosen sacred ties, disturb society. “*Liberty of Speech !*” is his war-word. It is mine.

NOTE 2, page 6, line 26.—His Lectures, in affront of religious Faith, array certain formulations called *SCIENCE*. He scoffs at *MOSES*, the oldest historian on record. *Mosaic cosmogony* accords with facts of chemical knowledge. But there is little authority for “scientific” statements, beyond an opinion of this or that philosopher ; often contradicted by another. *Injures* demands testimony sustaining *Mosaic* statements. It is found in *Science*. Let him show Scripture evidence for all his scientific views.

NOTE 3, page 7, line 16.—Many “cranks” have assumed to be “*Messiah*.” Lunacy accounts for fanatics ; it accounts for infidels.

NOTE 4, page 7, line 28.—This “idea” of “*Reason*,” as “*God*,” has never extended much beyond aberrated “minds.” *INJURES*, and his few fore-runners, abandon roadways traversed by mankind since our race began its marches. In their by-ways, jungles and swamps, they gather unhappy tramps, to audit unavailing whines against religion. Honest “*Doubt*” and sincere “*Inquiry*” are not encouraged by them. Their business is to slur piety, slander religious teachers, and rant against churches. Bigots in their

way, they tolerate no "reasoner," unless he joins their outlawed gangs.

NOTE 5, page 8, line 28.—Solar combustion is argued, because of heated air-flows. Moonshine is not heating to air; so Science refers it to reflected solar rays. Yet our mundane experience of heat, reflected from mountain-walls, is *increased* heat. Under spectric light, some stars appear hueless, like the moon, others glow with variegated colors. Is their sheen reflex, or from igneous matter direct? Guess-work halts here. Achromatic lenses fail to enlighten regarding polychrome rays of one star, and this or that hue in rays of another. A pyrotechnist knows what ingredients of fire make aurate showers, white light coruscations, and chromatic lights. Let INJURESOUL question Science. When she enlightens him concerning *materials* of star-fires, he will not need to inquire for supplies of "corpse-lights," "will-o'-th'-wisp" lights, and "fire-damp" generally. He may find them, where philosophers find star-rays; in the "air" we breathe, and its ingredients.

NOTE 6, page 9, line 26.—Faith shrinks, appalled, in witness of repulsive natural phenomena. Forces and elements, hurtful to mankind, affright our senses. We realize an existence of EVIL. Faith in our MAKER cannot reconcile us to calm contemplation of such EVIL. We wonder why God permits it; marvel whence it came. Shall we ask what causes crime, vice, disease, death? Malignities of human creatures are results of human *mind* and *will*; ferocities of wild animals are not less results of their wild wills. But from what WILL are whirlwinds, tornadoes, poisonous winds, icebergs, volcanic fires, resultant? I affirm that mankind only should be held responsible for every evil which afflicts humanity, or oppresses earth, which God made for humanity. It is my concern, in these notes and elsewhere, to vindicate NATURE, and her MAKER, from charges made by Infidelity, and admitted by many believers in a Beneficent Deity, who belie their belief by speaking of human afflictions as "dispensations of Providence!"

"Providence" does not "provide" curses in lieu of blessings. Goodness never "dispenses" evil. Purity cannot ordain or permit impurities, either in Humanity or Nature. "If thou doest not well," said God to Cain—"sin lieth at thy door."

NOTE 7, page 10, line 14.—Mobs, under conditions of "liberty and equality," have exhibited infuriated *wills*, at divers times. Wild wills are epidemic. "Lynch law" is evidence of this. But French "reasoners," of a higher class than those which composed revolutionary "Clubs" in France, were inciters of the ignorant populace to sanguinary excesses. Voltaire, Volney, Mirabeau, Marat, Robespierre, Couthon, Clootz, enforced, as "Free Thinkers," that "Reign of Terror" which enthroned a lewd woman over French "mind." Such "ideas" as INJURESOUL advances are not removed far from Russian "Nihilism." "Fire damp" is a basic ingredient of "dynamite."

NOTE 8, page 12, line 2.—Forms of religion, rubrics, and church systems, may be open to criticism. But the "essence of religion" is epitomized in those Divine sentences: "Love one another! God is Love!" INJURESOUL is well aware that CHRISTIANITY is no more or less than this "essence of religion." Yet he goes about as an avowed enemy of CHRISTIANITY: Were his professions of love for mankind to be credited as facts, INJURESOUL would be a Christian. But his "mind" and "will" determine his way as a "reformer." He essays to confuse ignorance with mendacities; for he knows that religious tenets inculcate good morals, enjoin correct principles, and encourage brotherly love; that religious preaching rebukes wickedness and praises virtue; and that even hypocritical Christians simulate goodness; while avowed "Free-thinkers," as a rule, are regardless or defiant of social morals.

NOTE 9, page 15, line 18.—Emerson's mysterious epigram of a "red slayer" who "thinks he slays," may apply to "Infidelity" itself, with its periodical and puerile onslaughts.

NOTE 10, page 16, line 6.—Sir John Herschell's labors, as "Astronomer Royal," were aided by a sister, appointed "assistant astronomer." She filled a position to "sweep cobwebs" from celestial chambers; but her woman's clear eye-sight was obscured by stardust, as her brother's vision was. She learned the trade of a STABSEER. Star-seers learn astronomy according to Kepler. They posit orbs in orbits, moving through "SPACE;" each orb encompassed by its own *air*, or "atmosphere;" this atmosphere globular, and rolling (like a solid ball,) in a whirl, while it advances on its circuit. Every star is thus incessantly whirling and advancing, in and through a supposititious substance, not agreed upon, but supposed to be "imponderable;" this substance answering to SPACE. We are instructed that celestial bodies of immense weights and magnitudes are upheld and moved in Space at rates of calculated velocity; and that sidereal movements are regulated by two laws, one opposing the other; one law forcing orbs apart; another law constraining them toward centres of systems, or central orbs. We are advised of a *force* controlled by these two conflicting laws; a force termed "Gravity;" which attracts the matter composing each orb, to the centre of that orb, while central orbs, or suns, not only attract, but repel from centres of their systems. Science assigns no *cause* for these *conflicting* laws to ordinate them; no cause for the operation of "gravity," as an attracting *force*; and we are left to infer that no law or force has any influence on that "imponderable ether" composing Space; but that Space, as a substance, is unmoved by forces that rule "atmospheres;" in effect, that a substance, which is the *medium* of all sidereal movements, always remains unacted upon by whirling and rolling orbs and atmospheres. Yet that "Space" must be substantial as AIR, has been admitted, of late. Prof. Tyndall tells us, "its vibrations are as real, and as truly mechanical, as the breaking of sea-waves upon a shore." And Prof. Williams remarks, that "the ether of to-day, with its penetration and its material action without material properties, has merely taken the place

of the equally imaginary phlogiston, caloric, electric, and magnetic fluids, the 'imponderables' of the past. At present the explanations of the simple phenomena of lights and heats," he continues, "are comparatively more difficult to understand and to account for, than the facts mathematicians attempt to elucidate."

De Quincey once remarked, very aptly, that even our "exact science," MATHEMATICS, has not a foot to stand upon which is not purely metaphysical ! "

NOTE 11, page 16, line 14. —Actual disturbances are noted and guessed about ; no guess is ventured concerning *Force* resident in this *medium* wherein heavenly bodies are supposed to gyrate. Yet Newton based his theory of "light," on the subsistence of ether as a corpuscular substance ; and Huygens, opposing Newton's theory, accepted some medium of "light" as a "vibratory" substance, impelling luminous waves. Philosophy is compelled to take into account the existence of something, to swim "heavenly bodies" in. *Air* was left out ; because each orb makes an air-bubble of its own atmosphere, revolving in that bubble. Something must subsist between these round "atmospheres ;" just as *air* is subsistent between peas in a sack (since "Nature abhors a vacuum"). So the "thinkers" guessed an unknown substance ; "an imponderable substance," *lighter* than air ; with all "heavy weights" of their imagination swinging in it. Professor STAHL was bold enough to believe that this hypothetical element, answering to SPACE, was "pure fire," and he called it the "principle of combustion" or "inflammability," as "*phlogiston*." But no scientist has attempted to account for its origin. It is self-existent, controlled by no stated laws, always in repose, under supposititious weights, and whirls, and wheels of revolving stars and stellar atmospheres. Can INJURESOUL refer us to any authorities for the subsistence of SPACE, as a substance ? Or, if it be no substance, for his evidence that celestial bodies, each by itself, subsist *in vacuo* ? He demands my authority for a Scriptural heaven. I ask his authority for an astronomical one.

NOTE 12, page 19, line 22.—Science unsettles Faith, by advancing errors as facts of astronomy and geology. Chemistry deals with facts of evidence; but there is no way for an astronomer or geologist to approach Bible Faith, with indubitable facts advanced as results of positive provings, under practical experiment. Hence it is that sidereal science is irreconcilable with Christianity. It can rest its claims to truth on human "Belief" alone; belief in assumptions of one man or another; belief in theories, unsustained by evidence which SENSE demands. Astronomy is Faith in Copernicus! It is Faith in Newton, who confessed himself unsettled in his own faith; Faith in Galileo, who recanted his belief; Faith in Kepler, who changed his belief repeatedly. How can human guess-work, acknowledged as such, be reconciled with Christian Faith, founded on facts of evidence in Nature?

NOTE 13, page 21, line 16.—Divine Providence placed earth, as Nature's domain, under supervision and sovereignty of mankind. All belongings of Nature were subjected, by DIVINE WILL, to the WILL of man, and human MIND was to regulate natural forces for human good. MAN and NATURE are subject to Divine Laws. If man ignores or antagonizes these Laws, they are still obeyed by Nature. Her movement proceeds. Controlling it for his own advantage, man helps Nature. If he neglects, perverts, or combats Nature's Movement, he hurts Nature. Natural Forces are unceasingly in operation. Heats in soils under cultivation assure supplies of Nature's products. If men abandon cultivation, and apply their energies to war-work instead of peace-work; devastating land-areas; destroying trees, purveyors of moisture; and permitting water-ways to become obstructed; what is resultant? Harm to mankind; harm to Nature. Desert and swamp displace arable soil. Nature's forces MUST go on with Movement. Stagnant water, congested earth, in morasses, accumulation of rains, occasion floods and land-slides; while exhalations breed miasmata. Normal Movement, made malverse, hurts instead of helping. Evil usurps ways of good. Forces, im-

pelled by Supreme Laws, MUST have way. If Man ignores them, for his *uses*, they become *abuses*. Benefic Nature is made malefic. MAN suffers, then, because Nature suffers through his *laches*. His bad *will*, or his lack of good will, sets him in opposition to his only Helper. LIGHT dawns on him, through PRACTICAL SCIENCE ; and he seeks to repair mischief wrought by himself. He drains morasses; opens roads through wilderness woods; lets air and sunshine into soil; straightens and cleans out river-beds; brings his chemical knowledge to bear upon malaria. What are all these operations of human movement, in modern years, but tacit confessions that human generations have permitted evils to fasten on earth, in antagonism of Nature's laws? I affirm that whirlwinds, tornados, sirocco winds, ice-bergs, frozen earth-crust, cold winds, chill rains, are all subsistent, under Forces of Nature, because human ignorance and wickedness left Nature to UNREGULATED MOVEMENT, thereby disturbing normal air-flows and heat-flows. Science, in some measure, may reach and regulate evils which afflict humanity. Six thousand future years of scientific labors, in accord with Nature, if granted to us, might restore this earth to conditionings it enjoyed when garden-soil was turned under Adam's hand. But it is CHRISTIANITY, only, which can bring about such earthly restoration. Plough-shares, and shares of soil, must supplement sword-blows and slave-chains. Men must "learn war no more;" and manly WILLS, as VOTES of freemen, must make human laws in accord with laws of Nature.

NOTE 14. page 23, line 28.—After a dozen editions of his "Life of Jesus," and an elaboration of its "ideas" into what he assumes to be an ideal history of the origin of Christianity, M. Renan has ended where he began, in the muddle of a mind which, rejecting revelation, and accepting science of men, as comparative philosophy, sinks back upon itself in collapse of all basis but mental surmises. Renan is Infidelity, masquerading in robes of Christian Love. His philosophy makes Christ a fiction of Renan's fancy; the Resurrection an outcome of Renanistic dreams shared by erotic women

and esoteric men, antetypes of our modern "spiritualist" confraternities. Mary Magdalen, (after Correggio,) postures before this German Michelet, as an Egeria, originating a "gospel according to St. John," which the world was never to understand until its "myth" should be interpreted by Renan. If scholarship, derived from sips of Greek wine and gulps of German *bier*, in a long life of "literary leisure," may pass for erudition; or if extensive stirrings of shallow pools, in letters and science, are accepted for soundings of intellectual deeps; Renan, then, is a man of learning and thought. He spills ink lavishly; no cuttlefish more so; and no "devil-fish," of Hugo's weird picturing, could sprawl more softly over human victims—with brachipod flesh and blood concealing poisoned blades—if it were possible for Infidelity, personified, to trouble Christianity beyond some flows of sepiæ. As for Renan's influence on his age, or after, it is measurable by that of his contemporaries and fore-runners in assaults and underminings of our "Rock of Ages." Winds and waters flow everywhere, around that impregnable Rock. On all sides it has been attacked, since days of Pharisees and Sadducees. Pretentious men-of-war, piratic cutters, cockle-shell craft, of all sorts, have been arrayed against it, during eighteen centuries. Brilliant with fire-damp display, of hostility, each in its day, and its way, they all pass as phantasmagoria. They sink in black waters. Salient names of a few "skippers" on their decks, may, here and there, be tossed to light from waters of ages, as fresh agitations of infidel "thought" shall cast up wrecks of their "like." To-day we read Renan's name on a cut-water; answering to that of Strauss on another; and a squadron may bear down, in *echelon* battle-line, delivering broadsides as they pass our ROCK; and a slogan of war cries may sound from decks of Darwin, and Agassiz, and Spencer, and Ingersoll, and . . . they PASS! Time's waters engulf them! Our ROCK is immovable; our CROSS crowns it.

NOTE 15, page 25, line 20.—Arago's "mind" computed the weight of 100 cubic inches of dry air, at 31,074 grains; say one



pound and three-eighths. A German chemist, Weber, decided that a man of ordinary bulk walks under air-pressure, vertical and lateral, of about fourteen tons. Weber thought that his thigh-bones and arm-bones were kept in their sockets by "atmospheric pressure," and he inferred, from the fact that travellers on high mountains bleed at their noses, that our blood-vessels are adjusted by air-pressures.

NOTE 16, page 29, line 10.—I name this metrical essay "INJURESOUL" because that name may suggest for Christian "thinkers," an arrayal of enemies to Bible Truth, within churches, more dangerous than foes without. No line of these pages has been penned in reference alone to such Infidelity as INJURESOUL represents. His familiar slanders of religion are but frothing waves, which foam against and recede from the "Rock of ages;" powerless with all their force and glitter, under beacon-light this ROCK upholds. Peradventure, indeed, these watery assaults of skeptical "minds" may wash away sea-weed and floating impurities, excrescent and unsightly. INJURESOUL, and his kind, make their own "congregation of the wicked." Careless Christian "Pastorship" is to be feared more than wolves outside of its flocks. "Half-Hours with Science," and the "right hand of fellowship" extended by Christian clergymen to philosophers who deride "Moses and the prophets," are of worse portent to Religion, in our age of Science, than an army of skeptics, with INJURESOUL as commander-in-chief.

NOTE 17, page 32, line 4.—"God saith!" These words are easily recognized in their appropriate place, as words of truth or falsehood. By Divine ordination, prophets and good men were inspired to utter them. Moses was empowered to write them, in authentication of a few "Mosaic statements;" including some chapters and verses of Genesis. But the use of those words in connection with Levitical laws, and assumed "commands" of God, ordinating atrocities of war, spoliations of property, and licentious acts or usages, are blasphemies against Divine GOODNESS and PURITY. If "minds"

now turned upon a "Revision of the Bible," could be moved toward a judicious and seemly elimination of matter from Scripture which Christianity may well abscise, we might enumerate fewer "canonical books" thereafter; but our comprehension of GOD's WORD would be much better for such work.

NOTE 18, page 34, line 12.—He styles himself a lecturer; his themes are those of a clergyman, and he seeks compensation for his work, at public expense. Christian and Hebrew preachers are sustained by church contribution. They have no other means of support, in their quality of accepted teachers; INJURESOUL collects his lawyer's fees, and then sallies out for raids on weak "minds," attracted by his pretensions, to pay their money for his preachings.

NOTE 19, page 37, line 10.—Anaxagoras conceived of "Infinite" and all-swaying MIND, which he named "*Νους*" and the Neo-Platonic idea of "*Γνωσις*" was an equivalent. Modern "Reason" enthroned upon Mind" adds "free thought," "free love," and some other free things. Possession of a "fine mind" is no guaranty of goodness. And when "Mind" would brow-beat society, and a Christian professor arrogates impunity for wrong-doing; and when society, or a church, condones the presumption; we may look for infidel "Nous," both in and out of churches. The question now is, shall a Christian flock be ready to follow its "pastor" in his walk as an "EVOLUTIONIST," denying the "Fall of Adam"—denying the necessity of Calvary's Sacrifice—denying that basic tenet of Christianity, the "Redemption" of sinners through CHRIST? . . . To this point, toward fellowship with INJURESOUL, "advanced mind" is moving. Abjuring that Faith, called "orthodox," which LYMAN BEECHER lived and died in, his son becomes infidel. Beyond Socinian doctrines—inculcated by Cambridge College "divines"—he arrives at the only "theory" which "promises" to save sinners without repentance "Universal Salvation."

NOTE 20, page 38, line 10.—Ancient idolatries were products of "Mind." A few temple-rites and festal days were characterized by

orgies of licentious minds, in mask of serving gods and goddesses. But if it be true that a Syrian temple of Venus, or a Paphian grove, concealed wicked practices, and an observance of Lupercalian or Bacchanalian anniversaries was often accompanied by excesses, it is no less a fact of history that civil and religious laws against immoralities were enforced by kings and priesthoods throughout Egypt, Greece, Assyria and the Roman Empire. Immoral temple usages were denounced by sages, and avoided with horror by the people. Popular and personal virtues were commended, inculcated, and rewarded by public applause. Hospitality was so valued that a deadly enemy, if he could reach the fireside of his foe, might invoke the protection of *dii penates* or "household-gods." Slaves, persecuted debtors, even condemned malefactors, escaping into temple precincts, were secure from arrest. A war-prisoner, devoted to sacrifice, in avengement of Achilles, is advised to take refuge in a temple. "Go to the altars!" Polyxena is told, (in *Euripides*,) "the wild beast is secured by rocks, and slaves by the altars of the gods." Piety was encouraged, prayers prescribed for morning and evening, for each meal, for every journey, every worthy undertaking. Victorious Hector would not approach an altar until he purified himself. "'Tis impious," he says, "with blood on me, to pay my vows!" Plato writes "At the rising of the sun and of the moon, everywhere, behold both Greeks and Barbarians, those in prosperity as well as those in poverty and affliction, prostrating themselves, and supplicating." Plutarch speaks of the Spartans, truculent as they were, petitioning Jove that they might suffer injuries with equanimity. Hearts, indeed, not "minds" are impressed with "religion" in every *cultus*. The trouble was, that temporal rulers—Bobs and Toms—defied religious inculcations, and demoralized mankind by "free thoughts" and practices, as warriors, slave-masters, gold-getters, and oppressors of their fellow-men. Roman Empire dominated the world two thousand years ago. Humanity groaned under its malefactions. Nations were debased by centuries of king-craft, tempting priestly

teachers to condone wickedness, in defiance of priestly laws. Man-kind, in slavery, lifted its eyes to Gospel Light, as a revelation of "Truth which maketh free." Where were INJURESOULS in the days of Christ and his apostles? They were incarnate as Herod, as Jewish "Scribes and Pharisees," as Greek sages, peering from Athenian "porticos," to sneer at Paul on Mars' Hill. They were captains and colonels of Tyranny's world-wide banditti. They were overseers and auctioneers, who scourged and sold bodies and souls of men and women, and trained gladiators for massacre, and ground taxes out of the poor. Does INJURESOUL tell us his "free thoughts" would have arrayed him against oppressors of his fellow men in days of Christ? Where, then, would his place have been?....At the side of Paul and Peter!—with Christ, the denouncer of wrongdoing. ....

NOTE 21, page 44, line 18.—"Prove all things : hold fast to that which is good!" wrote Paul; and it is neither forbidden for Christian priest, nor for philosopher or "reformer," to scrutinize each and every "line and precept" of Scripture, that its "good" may be held fast, when proven. I apprehend, if Paul's injunction were heeded by INJURESOUL and his philosophic co-respondents, clergy and laity, we might very soon behold *Scientia ex curia*, instead of seeing her, as at present, assuming triple functions, as judge, jury, and witness, in an *ex parte* trial of Religious Faith. But against scientific assumptions, Christianity need never hesitate to set her battle. She has arms and munitions of war at hand for a "short, sharp, and decisive" contest, whenever her militant churchmen shall address themselves to the fray in earnest. It is not "on the defensive" she should act, as heretofore. Her war must be carried into the enemy's camps, over his walls of air, his chariots of rolling stars, his "covered ways" of bone-caves, and his "last ditch" in a marl-pit. He may die hard, but his death, as a DELUSION, will carry down many delusions in alliance with him—from Atheism to Nihilism—and AGNOSTICISM : latest adumbration of Sybarite philosophy; its loins loosened by the impingement of a rose leaf.

NOTE 22, page 44, line 26.—That a Greek philosopher—with no chemical appliances at command—should have immortalized his name by some scraps of writings which come down to us, affirming his reference to AIR, as the original substance of all things ; and that no libraries of philosophic books have been written for or against this assumption of ANAXIMENES, are suggestions of interest, in view of chemical facts now patent to the world, which *prove* beyond question, the abiding truth of this Greek philosopher's few words. And that Anaxagoras, who really originated the "Atomic theory" and lived in another city of Greece about the same period, (five centuries B. C.) in which Anaximenes expressed his views—should have referred the origin of minerals, and all other known forms of matter, to an adjustment of "atoms" under a Supreme and Eternal Intelligence, is another most remarkable historic fact, unaccountably slurred by philosophers of all ages, down to our day of philosophic *renaissance*. But the "ideas" of those Greek sages, in connection with other "ideas," put forth by Greek philosophers, might, at this day—I am free to say—be collated into an arrayal of sound and truthful conceptions, which should relegate modern astronomy and geology, as sciences, to lumber rooms of their orreries, planiscopes, monstrous skeletons, and fossils generally.

NOTE 23, page 50, line 10.—Polytheism, as a *cultus*, according to some writers, originated in popular ignorance and fear. Imaginations of herdsmen, fishers, and hunters peopled wilderness woods, secluded mountains, and unknown waters, with shapes of divers descriptions, answering to their wondering apprehensions. This is a conjecture without basis. It is absurd to suppose that a man, woman, or child could be impressed with imaginations of invisible and unreal subsistences. Is it possible to conceive of a shape *unknown*? Some fisher might espy a shark or a "devil fish" such as Victor Hugo describes. But, as a fisherman, he would have fought or fled from it as a "strange fish"—no more. If a hunter were pursued by a gorilla, he might frighten his mates by talk of a strange beast, or an over-grown ape. But a single successful encounter with

the object, must have settled "doubts" about it. No! there were no originators of "gods" but crafty fiddlers—free-thinkers. An indolent fellow, ambitious of power, or desirous to subsist at other people's expense, first innovated upon the "patriarchal system," under which every husband and father was "priest," at his "family altar." Some Bob, with a lazy body and a cunning "mind," dropped his "advanced thoughts" among other idlers, and they jointly "imagined a vain thing" in a mysterious "old man," or "young woman," from the sky or the mountains, bringing a "revelation" to Bob or Tom. The result was a "god" set up; and when Bob's "idea" assured "fat offerings" for his altar, Tom set up another "god" and a new shrine; and "ideas" multiplied in the way of "free thoughts." We may trace this process in impostures of all ages, to our own day of "Mormonism." Polytheism was an invasion of "new ideas" on the simple worship of DEITY, symbolized by FIRE. But among every primitive people in Africa, Asia, and parts of the American continent, fire is held sacred still. Never has any faith, or any cult, been mentioned in history without allusions to the use of FIRE, in its religious observances. FLAME is an emblem of aspiration.

NOTE 24, page 57, line 16.--What abstruse significance may be hidden under this new description of Atheism, as "Christian Evolution," concerns us little. Mr. Beecher has "evoluted" gradually, in his "advanced thought," to some "development," satisfactory to his Reason. But it is not mere coinage of verbalism with which Christians have to do; it is the fact of "Darwinian doctrine," admitted for discussion by Christian preachers and professors; a doctrine void of natural or religious grounds. Minds entertaining this delusion were prepared for its reception by accepted "theories" of geologist and paleontologist, regarding rock-formations and fossil fragments of monstrous animals. Denying the Light which Moses left in chapters of GENESIS, our modern scientist invents an unnecessary chain of falsities regarding physical Nature. Geologic data are speculative data. Every conditioning of earth, in stratifi-

cation, and all supposititious connections of terrene convulsions with it, are to be naturally accounted for, in accordance with Mosaic cosmogony and laws of Nature. It is an assumption of 'MIND,' that incrustations, natural deposits, and abnormal congestions of terrene matter, are referable only to lapses of time, in "eras" and "epocha" covering millions of years. Puerile guess-work, in "astronomy," involves distances of "space" covering some "ninety-odd" millions of miles of light-rays from sun to earth, and stellar distances proportionately, to assumed localities of star-shine. But, as yet no monstrous "specimens" of atrophied or aborted "planets" are speculated upon; so that "geology" is in advance of astronomy, as regards "fossilism." We yet lack an astronomic, DARWIN, to "evolute" Mercuries and Saturns, by "development," from "meteors," vagrant comets, and other apparitions of "fire damp."

NOTE 25, page 61, line 6.—I allude to that hypercritical condemnation of 'MATERIALISM' which superficial Christian thinkers mistake for "spiritual" religion. "GOD is a SPIRIT!" this is my faith, as it was faith for David. "God is one God!" I aver, with a "Hebrew of the Hebrews!" But is Jew or Christian mindful of his way, when he endorses not only "Platonism" but "Neo-Platonism?"—not only Heathen cosmogonies, but those grotesque malversations of Plato's views which constituted "Gnosticism?" Pagan philosophies, now extant in Asiatic religions, are based, like pure Platonism, and its Gnostic followings, on an assumption that DEITY is existent as a "SPIRIT" whose omnific will wrought upon MATTER OUTSIDE OF HIMSELF! Can anything more monstrous be imagined?—that Supreme DEITY, omnipotent and omniscient, could subsist as a CREATIVE POWER beyond and above His Material Creation? Is it compatible with reverential worship of GOD to suppose it possible for any SUBSTANCE, in an ORIGINAL conditioning, to be antagonistic to HIM? Is it a concept to be entertained by any Christian or Jew, that a PURE GOD, an Immaculate Spirit, would ORDAIN the subsistence or continuance, of impurity outside of HIMSELF, and in antagonism to His Will? This is Platonism? This is Zoroastrian doctrine. This is Neo-Platonism or



Gnostic speculation. This is "Darwinism." I denounce it all as misapprehension of GOD, the PERFECTION of goodness, the Sum of all Power, who created Physical Nature and Human Nature as Perfect Works.

NOTE 25, (No 2) page 61, line 6.—We name our Christian GOD the INFINITE and ETERNAL GOD, who inhabits "INFINITY." Yet an absurd idea is harbored, that MATTER, alien to God, may subsist OUTSIDE of "Infinity!"—that our Creator wrought upon substance BEYOND HIMSELF; although His INFINITY must comprise all elements of creation. I denounce the assumption that God could ORIGINATE EVIL such as is known to be subsistent in Nature; because I am very clear in my faith that HE who created NATURE must have created it out of elements composing His own subsistence. This is positive; or else we admit the MATERIALISM of PLATO, of Zoroaster, of Simon Magus, of Basilides, and of the Nicolaitans denounced by St. Paul. Either the HOLY SPIRIT of GOD must have constituted NATURE with His own constituents, or He must have wrought upon co-existent MATTER antagonistic to His own Immaculate Nature; EVIL co-eternal with Himself, and POTENTIAL to withstand and negate His Omnipotent Power. Vainly do Christian THINKERS endeavor to account for malversations and malefic influences of matter, by teaching that it is EVIL subsistent by PERMISSION of God; that it is *allowed* to subsist, in order that GOOD SOULS may "suffer trials" through perversions of NATURE. The question comes up: What CAUSED these perversions of NATURE? What originated ice and snow in arctic seas? What occasioned African deserts? Why should MALARIA smite all shores? Why shall physical convulsions devastate Nature, and destroy humanity, by floods, fires, volcanic eruptions, earth-quakes, tornadoes, whirlwinds? My argument demonstrates that our CHRISTIAN GOD, who is PERFECTLY GOOD, and IMMACULATELY PURE, cannot possibly ordain, or even permit, a shadow of wrong or impurity. I desire to show that HIS NATURE is swayed by HIS OWN LAWS, in accord with their sway of physical and human Nature. I have chosen the medium of a metrical TEXT, to which I append a few



NOTES in vindication of my faith in CHRISTIANITY, as the Gospel of an Infinitely Good, Wise, Just, and Pure GOD; the SUPREME GOD of all hearts impressed by unperverted NATURE.

NOTE 26, page 63, line 20.—With quick perceptions, and a reflective turn, Mr. Thomas A. Edison utilizes heat-forces which his predecessors, the gas purveyors, have systematically thrown away. His knowledge of that universal factor of light and life, ELECTRICITY, extends simply to results of his experimental studies. This remark implies no disparagement of a persistent seeker, who successfully pursues a quest for "more light." But his technicalities of trade; his "ohm," and "volt" and "ampere," remind one of our friend the "Spiritualist," with his "odic" force, and of an average Scientist, carrying conceits of "static" power, in portable shape, like Keely's "Motor." There is no such an existence in Nature as "stored up force!" no such thing as "bottled-up lightning!"

NOTE 27, page 68, line 6.—When the wife of "free-thinker" Shelley, a daughter of "free-thinking" parents, ("like" and "like"); imagined her monster "Frankenstein," she simply paraphrased such "Science" as Mankind learns; whereby to accept monstrosities of doctrines, which return upon and plague their inventors. "Frankenstein" was a mannikin made by "Mind." It possessed no SOUL! It was not endowed with even a bestial "*nature*." Unnatural and abominable—like "Darwinism"—it warred against its wretched constructor—"an advanced mind."

NOTE 28, page 71, line 18.—No "demonstrations of anatomy" were known in ages of old, when human dust was held in respect by inheritors of it. Skins of dead animals were avoided as unclean; deceased relatives were packed and embalmed in costly mausolea; while professional embalmers were an inferior caste. Medical Science has "struggled up" (so say our surgeons) to its present status over many foolish prejudices. This is true. There is more surety for the surgeon, with probe, knife, or saw, we are told. Yet this surety failed to direct the probes of consulting "experts," when President Garfield died under scientific treatment, in accordance

with anatomic knowledge. Curiosity is gratified by medical lectures, "illuminated" with colored lights upon bones, nerves, muscles, and viscera. But it is only DEATH we contemplate in a dissected "subject." No life-light guides us to surgical or medical procedures. We grope in darkness of tombs, among skeletons. LIGHT shines for us elsewhere—in outer AIR!

NOTE 29, page 73, line 6.—In theories put forth by ethnologist and philologist, to account for what the BIBLE plainly accounts for, in respect to genesis of life and language, it is noticeable that no "expert" has considered vowel sounds, as they are emitted by human breath, without words, from cradle to grave. From the "me-e-m-e-e" of a new-born babe, and its first modulation of sound, in that aspirate "ab" followed by the labial, "b," through all variations of the vocal gamut, to our last suspiration of breath, in a dying sigh, (as of satisfaction!) we may trace the "origin of words" to express every phase of emotional feeling. But emotions are first to be accounted for. If each organism is its own motor, then every creature is a god—man, beast, bird, and insect. If on the other hand, emotion is attributable to a Power outside of the creature, then that Power could have impressed an original language, as well as it could stir emotions toward language.

NOTE 30, page 78, line 6.—"Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire." (Ps. civ. 4.)

NOTE 31, page 81, line 14.—Perhaps, the poet Praed permitted his riddle of "Sir Hilary's Prayer" to remain a "dark saying," in order that good guessers might learn its moral for themselves. "God Help!"—as a universal prayer, reduced to practice,—might make this world a "Happy Valley" instead of a "Vale of Tears;" and lift up humanity toward "Islands of the Blest" not shadowy like those which St. Brandon voyaged to find, nor such simulacra of "heavenly bodies" as our philosophers imagine through ground-glass.

NOTE 32, page 82, line 18.—Why philosophers, whose research has not yet penetrated the Nature of LIGHT—and who are content to

accept it as a "vibration" of some unknown fluid—should imagine mere *apparitions* of moving lights in air to be other than attendant phenomena of our earthly skies, is a question to be answered by INJURESOUL'S "REASON," when she mounts her throne of the "World's Mind." Common Sense and human eye-sight see "lights in heaven" moving as a torch-light procession inoves, and appears, on a misty night. If we survey such a march, through an opera-glass, we discern lanterns framing lights, and recognize varied colors and inscriptions on lanterns. Telescopic sight shows phenomena of "diffraction," such as Grimaldi noted more than two centuries ago. Newton based his "theory of light" upon "diffraction," which is no less an accompaniment of light in rain-bows and of soap-bubbles in sunshine, than it is known as an apparition of heat on wheels in rapid motion; HEAT manifest as LIGHT. But if the word "diffraction" expresses what Grimaldi noted, it conveys, really, no other idea than the words "radiation" and "deflection" do, in misapprehension of assumed lines of light, "eccentric" from any point. But my "point of fact" is, that there is no such antagonism to NATURE'S LAWS, as an *eccentric* or *radiating* air-flow, unless it be controlled by man's will, subjecting Nature's force, or by Nature antagonizing her own Laws, because of man's will, subverting her normal order.

NOTE 33, page 83, line 6.—When Dean Swift fancied his island of philosophers, upheld in air by its own "attraction" (as a circus clown philosophizes on his ability to lift himself up by the straps of his boots) he posited Science, as she sustains herself in sidereal imaginations.

NOTE 34, page 83, line 22.—Our "gravity" is amused when we read of such "superstitions," in mediæval centuries, as a belief by babes, and "children of a larger growth," that the sun, on Easter morning, arose in a joyous dance, reminding "Christian people" of an "Arisen Saviour." But we are instructed, (in all "gravity") by Newtonian Christians, that not only the *sun*, but all stars, are forever figuring in a grand *contra danse*, with its "attractions" and "repulsions" in obedience to eccentric and concentric directions of posturers

who are all "gravity," as they cry out to suns, moons, and stars,—  
*"Balancez !"* *"dos-a-dos !"* and *"chassez tous !"*.... Yet philosophers laugh at babies !

NOTE 35, page 86, line 20.—If all "heavenly bodies" rotate on their centres of gravity, what is it which holds a comet's "tail" to its head without whisking it about, to smash off *ærolites* from moons and stars ? Science guesses that comets come into contact with planets occasionally, and shave off "shooting stars," like chips under a jack-plane. But there is no reliable "law of eccentricity," as yet—except astronomy itself.

NOTE 36, page 87, line 10.—"Centres of force" are not more evident in the cores of whirlwinds and tornados than in every gust of wind and whirl of wave. Centres of combustion are posited in every raging fire. Can Newton's "law of gravitation" towards centres, account for whirls of air, and spirals of flames ? Is there any "theory" of astronomers which explains the phenomena of ocean currents ? It is certain that "vortices" must be centres of power, exerted on peripheries, and it is evident that they exist in every rotating substance. Your pyrotechnist ordines the gyrations of his "Catherine's wheels" by supplying fire at their centres, so that heat-force may assure movement while it is exerted. Vortices are *fulcra* of force.

NOTE 37, page 88, line 8.—"Attraction" of matter, or "Repulsion" of it, through operations of sidereal laws, whereof there is no counterpart in any law of mundane subsistence, is an imagination with which the idea of gravitation of matter, toward centres of globes, is irreconcilable. For if any force in Nature draws centripetally, and yet it were a fact, as astronomers teach, that the tendency of matter is to fly from centres, whenever they revolve, how is it a possibility that exhalations rise in the heat of sunshine, to collect in clouds, and then fall in rain-drops ? how can balloons filled with a light gas, rise against pressures of air and the attraction of gravity combined ? how are *ærolites* flung off from "stars" to earth, (as asserted by other guessers) or by volcanic force, which sends them whirling

about with the earth, in defiance of Newtonian "attraction" or his laws "of matter?" Winds are attributed by Science to air-flows drawn upon heated areas. Here Science lays hold of Eternal Law: that air-currents (which are *heat-currents*) must flow to super-heated points of air. Apply this truth to air-currents (as *light-currents*) compelled to flow upon centres of incandescent air; and you account for every heavenly apparition of LIGHT, as a concentric body of illuminated air; a "minister" of Divine ordination—"a flame of fire."

Note 38, page 88, line 14.—Commentators on the Book of Job have agreed to consider BEHEMOTH as a *hippopotamus*, and LEVIATHAN as a *crocodile*. FRY, with perceptions more acute, regarded the description of *behemoth* and *leviathan*, as "concerning one and the same animal." His mind, however, was not above the unworthy conception that OMNIPOTENCE could indulge in a disquisition on some monstrous beast, as an impersonation of power! He failed to realize what the context ought to impress, as descriptive language: *i. e.*—the immeasurable FORCES of AIR! Job is addressed by His Maker. "out of the whirlwind!" He is manifestly instructed by VISIBLE POWER; such power as phenomena of AIR, in terrific MOVEMENT, might naturally impress him with. Dr. FRY is correct in his idea that BEHEMOTH and LEVIATHAN are identical images; but BEHEMOTH is AIR in extraordinary MOVEMENT; in Movement which no image could so well impress upon Job's mind, as that POWER MANIFEST which a "whirlwind" imbodyes; Movement, embracing Force and Velocity. The description answers very closely to the action of AIR, stirred from stagnation in fens and low-lying meadows, to arise for destructive march, impelled by concentrated heats in vortices of whirling winds. And as BEHEMOTH is typical of AIR in power of MOVEMENT; dynamic Force; so is LEVIATHAN a symbol of AIR in unnatural inertia; as imbodyed by frozen water, constituting an iceberg, or glacier; with its arctic accompaniments of electric fires; its tenacious and impenetrable scales: its *locale*, in "the deep." An imaginative description it is not; but a literal one! As Dr. FRY says

of his supposititious beast, that Leviathan and Behemoth are "one and the same," so I affirm of those images, presented with such graphic recital; that the description of *Behemoth* is that of AIR in MOVEMENT, as a "whirlwind," and the description of *Leviathan* is that of AIR, in ALL its capacities of resistant and irresistible power; whether as an ice-berg, it defies hostile approach, or as a tempestuous wind in movement, when it "maketh the deep to boil like a pot" or as it thunders and lightens in storms, and "out of its neesings light doth shine." But enough; I urge no argument beyond "internal evidence" of language.

NOTE 39, page 88, line 24.—"The most audacious robbers and aggressors, and impious creatures, are often prosperous. . . . The Lord orders these things as *He pleases*." This is the explanation of EVIL-DOING by two Christian doctors, Henry and Scott; our God orders its increase and impunity, by making its perpetrators prosperous!.. What an estimate of Divine Goodness! to suppose that Providence promotes what is abhorrent to every good mind! David's poem of JOB voices human reasoning in all its enunciations placed on human lips. It is only through words attributed to the LORD, that WISDOM appears to admonish REASON. "Job" is an inspired poem. But its inspiration is limited to language ascribed to DEITY. Its *plot* is David's. Its characters and speeches of Job and his friends are David's. But the interpellation of DEITY and His utterances advise us of inspiration. God speaks by His own Wisdom. Men talk in the ways of their Reason. Never has an arrayal of argument by men's minds been so appositely presented as in these discourses of four wise men; their REASON is sometimes keen and bright, mingling heavenly light with its fire-damp. But when GOD speaks out of His Nature—out of BEHEMOTH—that emblem of Power "the Whirlwind"—it is WISDOM, confounding false reasoning. It is in clear contrast with human thought, because it is unmixed LIGHT. In this respect all Scripture may be taken, as a commixture of man's writings, uninspired; with Divine Light shining, here and there, as it was impressed on human minds, by *occasional* inspiration. If we

view the Bible as a compilation of committees, in Councils after hot discussions, and votes taken on this or that book or passage, we view it as Wisdom admonishes. And if we were to subject every Scripture enunciation or inference to such "canons of criticism" as are given to us by words accredited to Jesus Christ and to the Apostle John, declaring "Love" as the essence of Christianity, we should reduce "Canonical Scripture" to "God's Word."

NOTE 40, page 91, line 12.—Prof. Helmholtz, of Heidelberg University, has written upon two phenomena of AIR which impress him to the verge almost of discoveries denied to Des Cartes, because that THINKER could not discard other men's thoughts long enough to substitute his own therefor. Helmholtz discourses on vortices in fluids, and of vibratory motion in open pipes. He avoids the error which misled Dr. Harvey, when he fancied the vibration of blood in veins to be ebb and flow of blood. If such inquiring minds were to proceed far enough in trains of thought, to reach a natural "junction," and discover that there is but one road-way for all phenomena, and no "switch-off" from it; they might pause at "LIGHT, HEAT, AIR," — one substance, in flow universally,— as their "open gateway" to "secrets of Nature." Realizing this *fact* that a block of ice is concrete *light*, as it is concrete *air*; and that as concrete *light* it is also concrete *heat*—they may reach a conclusion, and profit by it. Let them inspect the contents of a condensing cylinder, which has abated the heat of a room, from 84° (Fahrenheit,) to 20° below zero, and inquire of their reason what becomes of the eliminated caloric? Then they may understand a conditioning of arctic airs concreted to icebergs, when arctic electric fires are coruscating in flowing air above; and they must thereafter comprehend, sooner or later, those chemistries of Nature which are now only hinted at by our "optical illusions" and "chemical refrigerations."

NOTE 41, page 92, line 22.—"Diffraction" is noted by Grimaldi, as the result of volatility in currents of light, which causes their spires to "interfere" with one another. Actually Grimaldi discern-



ed the fact that air-currents are incessantly interfluent ; and as air-currents are light-currents when stirred to intense active heat, he simply speculated on the fact that ambient air is governed by no laws which Science has yet named. Diffraction, however, has confounded sciences ; inasmuch as it now ministers to "dissolving views " in lecture-rooms, where experts in chemistry employ its "illusions," for the configuration of lights in air *vraisemblant* of astronomic planets and solar systems.

NOTE 42, page 93, line 10.—To AIR, are referable, under Laws of Nature, the origin, economy and ends, of "lights in heaven !" They are alternate illuminations and occultations of heat. Science remains in doubt—after all so called "discoveries " of sidereal systems—whether our SUN may not be "an immense fluid globe." On that point, my mind is "made up." Our SUN is a ball of candescent AIR ; advanced on its diurnal transit, from East to West, by Heat-Force generating vortical motion. Nature's LAWS, governing air-flows ; Nature's FORCE, constraining air-flows to Heat-Centres ; combine to sustain diurnal combustion in this body of candescent vapors, which Our Creator ordained to "give light upon the earth " by day, as He assigned the MOON to be a lamp of night, when "He made the stars also." Lord ROSSE was no "undevout astronomer," when he erected his three-ton telescope, at a cost of £30,000 ; and it is a favorite observation that the study of astronomy tends to magnify our views of a "Supreme Architect of the Universe," whose works astound us with their immensities. But, Common Sense desires to ask why OMNIPOTENCE should make displays of magnitudes and movements of innumerable worlds, larger than the earth, with no possibilities of connections between world and world ? Space is infinite, and eternity limitless ! Are we to suppose that the Supreme Architect is occupied eternally in building structures which could never fill Infinity ? In our Mosaic cosmogony we deal with plain principles and elements vouched for by scientific provings through Chemistry. But no star-seer guesses how "planets " are planned and inhabited, unless he is willing to be classed with "cranks " like the "Pough-



keepsie Seer," and Mr. Harris the "spiritualist," who gave us an "Epic of the Starry Heavens."

NOTE 43, page 96, line 24.—AIR! continent of all elements, and comprehending all creation! it opens upon the *arcana cœlestia* to which science must repair for instruction in astronomy, as in geology, chemistry, and physiology. Sunshine is ordained by an incandescent conditioning of air, within a distance of sky-view not exceeding the earth's diameter. There is no existence of sun or moon, nor of any star in heaven, except as an apparitional diffusion of light, like illumination shed from any moving flame. Elsewhere than in these notes, (which are merely tentative) I hope to supplement assertion by argument of "facts" analogously considered. It suffices for these *addenda* to my verse, if they apprise our speculative philosophers that SCIENCE may be called to a court of inquiry wherein the *onus probandi* shall be shifted from Christianity to her adversaries.

NOTE 43, (No.2) page 96, line 24.—Prof. Thomson and other experimenters with "air" as a "medium" of light, produce "illusions," as they call them, through refraction of a *spectrum*. But "spectral analysis" subjects AIR to no test, but that of refraction and reflection. Chemical action in air is responsive to chemical action of a substance employed. To it may be referred all varieties of phenomena, which scientific minds attribute to local air of moons or stars. A conclusion that the sun must contain sodium in large quantities, that the moon contains iron, etc., is mere moonshine. The only real *light* reflected upon reflective minds by "spectral analysis," up to this hour, is a hypothetic surmise of Prof. Huggins, that *comets* (or their trails) are luminosities of air in combustion. He is right in his opinion that combustion causes those luminous apparitions; but the combustion is not of AIR, but of aërial impurities, which Science classifies as nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen gases. Eliminate those three gases from upper and lower airs within our heaven and earth, and we should again breathe the air Adam breathed in Eden. Science classes pure carbon as a solid substance, and finds it the chief constituent of limestone, coals and diamonds. Science tells us that a

Brazilian diamond cannot be melted or dissolved, although it may be burned under intense heat of oxygen gas. In relation to these facts, our philosophers are all charred by the same burnt carbon, as they term charcoal. They smell of charcoal fumes, and decide that they smell carbonic gas, and that to inhale it is death. They properly avoid it, as breathing air. But it is not *carbon* they avoid; it is one of their own gaseous combinations, other than pure carbon, which is never present in charcoal fumes; for the simple reason that pure carbon is pure heat. Gases escape from charcoal, as from all other substances in combustion; but they are *MALARIA*, whereof Science has not yet sought the sole origin. All gases and gaseous compounds, and so-called "mixtures," are mere varieties of *MALARIA*.

NOTE 43, (No. 3) page 96, line 24.—Gases flow from charcoal in an alembic, and a chemist names them and describes their properties. He thinks he eliminates *carbon*, in a substance which he calls by that name, and obtains from wood burned to cinder, as in a charcoal kiln. He posits carbon as a diamond, as coal, and as black lead; he discovers it in every organism, animal and vegetable; in effect, as an ingredient of all substances. But it eludes his alembic. He cannot fuse it. He guesses about fumes from burning bodies, and guesses one of them to be *carbon*, because it is not one of his other gases. This is his limit of knowledge in respect to *pure air*. Is it marvellous that no progress is made in ways and means of helping poor humanity, suffering under afflictions caused by *MALARIA*? Here is our Science, aware of poisonous exhalations, present in the air we breathe, and accepting such exhalations as natural constituents of the "breath of life" which sustains our vital forces. School children are taught that "four-fifths" of this air we breathe are *nitrogen*, a gas so deadly, that it extinguishes the life of animals inhaling it. Science says it kills, because it has no power to sustain life. Nor is it of any actual available use. Yet our children are instructed that their Maker made this wicked and useless gas to enter into our vital air as *four-fifths* of it. Oxygen gas, we are told, is necessary to life, and is the most abundant element in Nature.

Science says that it "not only supports combustion, but it is also necessary to the life of animals;—it goes into the blood of animals, and purifies it, but if an animal were to breathe *pure oxygen*, death would surely follow; it may be respired only when it is mixed with nitrogen.".....In other words, this *gas* which *kills*, as a *pure* gas, must be mixed with another gas, which also *kills*, as a *pure* gas, in order that it may become *vital* air. Two deadly gases must be mingled to give us "breath of life." Science accounts for this by a supposition of chemical change; but you cannot change two poisonous adders into a ringdove.

NOTE 43, (No 4) page 96, line 24.—As to all scientific "gases," I look upon them simply as adulterations of *pure air*; the air GOD gave to man as his "breath of life" when Adam was created. I repeat here that nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen,—and their derivatives,—are abominations of *Malaria*; foreign to Nature, oppugnant to Divine Providence. Long ago this world of ours must have been depopulated of man and all other animal organisms, and of all vegetation, if NATURE were not empowered by DIVINE LAWS, to *free her life breath from gases*; factors murderous to animals and plants. Nature, in every organism not wholly dominated by *malarious accretions*, is empowered to eliminate from her vitality whatsoever destructive substance a current of air may introduce to it. Our human stomachs receive deleterious compounds of gases with every inhalation of breath. But CARBON, as PURE HEAT, in healthy stomachs, expels or dissolves those gases before they infiltrate blood vessels. Our lungs, heated to vital force, are first enabled to disintegrate atoms of malaria; and every disintegrated atom escapes lung-force of heat, to encounter combusive heat in our livers; thence, flowing into gall-ducts, where every air-breath parts with *malarious units* under *Laws of Nature*, to which I shall refer in other notes.

NOTE 44, page 100, line 12.—It is to this plain statement my words in previous text and notes have tended. Air-currents are heat currents, in movement as heat-force; and as heat-currents they may be instantly stimulated to glow as currents of LIGHT. "Diffraction" is

division of air-units interfluent as currents under Nature's LAWS of fluid movement—unit following unit, LIKE with LIKE, incessantly ; toward super-heated centres or other points of direction. "Light ! heat ! air !" are one substance, in *triune* manifestation. Acceptance of this absolute fact—with its correlative fact, that HEAT is Nature's omnipresent and omnipotent FORCE—may unravel every knotted skein of tangled philosophy. It is not in my limited scope of discourse *here*, that I can deal with logical proofs ; and I reserve ARGUMENT for other pages.

NOTE 45, page 102, line 10.—TWIN LAWS ; dual in their sway of all fluid matter, and (relatively) of liquid flows. Twin laws of MOVEMENT ; constraining (through heat-force) every fluid unit to cursive motion in immediate contact with its LIKE in other fluid units. So it is ordained, and enforced, that units of each basic *essence* must flow with their LIKE in an air-current assigned to them, and carrying them, as its freightage, toward elemental subsistence, in water and earth, and in all derivatives of those elements. My apprehension traces no more, nor less, than a chemist shows us, when he subjects air-currents, under stress of super-heats in his crucible, to precipitate salts, sodium, and metallic bases, while dross and *gases* part from them ; all units accreting or flowing with their *like*, in solid, liquid or fluid substances.

NOTE 46, page 106, line 16.—Blood fills, as a medium of air-flows, all tissues, glands, vesicles ; it stirs in all capillaries, and contracts or swells, with heat as its vital force ; but when air, as heat, ceases to flow in an organism of nerves, veins, and arteries, no fluidity pertains to those dry granules of crimson dust which Harvey viewed as a gushing and saltant fluid. There is no force in Nature but heat-force. Its electric movement gives vitality. Blood is its medium of energizing impulsions, sustentation of strength, and concurrent motive power in animal systems. Air-flows, under Laws of Movement, concentrate at Nature's organic base, her stomach, and feed combustion in that furnace of Nature's heats ; heat-force driving energies of heart and diaphragm, and their attachments. Arrest vital breath, and we

know what soon follows. Heat-force lapses; organism collapses; the animal dies.

NOTE 47, page 108, line 6.—MOTION apparent in swirls of molecular matter; that corpuscular motion, which Science now terms “vortical;” because it is proven that molecules move as if each were revolving on an axis, by its own local force. Neither Harvey nor Des Cartes penetrated Nature’s mystery of corpuscles as force-points, as foci of heat-force in *vortices*. Air was, as yet, loose motive-power; unharnessed to enginery, as heat, compressed or expansile, in caloric or steam; and untethered to man’s will, as electricity. When his fingers felt a vein, Dr. Harvey counted pulsations, and accounted them to be measures of velocities in blood-flow. But if his knowledge could have compassed what is familiar to modern savans, as “galvanic action,” he perhaps, had apprehended truth unknown to this day, under scientific light: that it is AIR, flowing as electrized *heat*, through blood, which liquefies it; which moves its heat-units to rotary accretion, as corpuscles; swirling molecules.

NOTE 47 (No 2), page 108, line 6.—When malaria is eliminated, and precipitated into that poison sac, the gall-bladder, our “breath of life” flows, comparatively pure, into a ventricle of the heart which Dr. Harvey supposed (correctly) to be the *point d'appui* of vital movement. Dr. Harvey was, without question, the “discoverer of circulation.” But it was not “circulation of the BLOOD” he discovered. It was Nature’s provisioning for internal flows of AIR, under her *Laws*, to the end, originally, that any freightage of dust inhaled might be voided into a receptacle for it, in every organism, before it was admitted to the STOMACH; which is a centre of *vital fires*, continually replenished by influx of *pure carbon*, to renew and re-inforce *combustion* of food-fuel. Carbon is heat, to which malaria is not added, and of which malaria can be a *factor* only for evil. If we swallow poison, it is at once subjected to combustive heats of the stomach, and these combustive heats become empoisoned. Nature is obliged to impel them through veins and vesicles. Poison is thus conditioned as a factor of movement throughout the organism. Hence

it is that bites of poisonous serpents, injecting poison, or the saliva of rabid dogs introduced even to the cuticle, are promoters and agencies of empoisoning force, and hence we are hurt by impure food and drink; because the introduction to an organism, even through an invisible cuticular vesicle, or an unseen capillary of scalp or skin, of any hurtful atom—however minute—conditions that atom as a factor of injury to an organism in the ratio of its force for hurt. NATURE cannot prevent the entry of *malaria* infused with her flowing air. She can only, through her force of PURE CARBON, in an organism, impel movement for functional life. And if our ignorance or neglect of such instruction as we gain through experience and observation, as medical men and chemical experts, shall persistently impose upon Nature a task abhorrent to her; *i. e.* the enforcement of *malaria* within our systems, in lieu of her benefic distribution of *pure carbon*, as normal heat-flows; what then, is to be said? Whose fault, whose responsibility, is it, for propagation and spread of disease in this world of ours? Not Nature's fault. Not the responsibility of our MAKER and the PRESERVER of our life, through His PURE HEAT! Only one culprit must answer for these "ills which flesh is heir to," no one of which is "natural." It is that culprit whose sins of commission and omission brought *Malaria* into our world. It is MAN himself!

NOTE 48, page 108, line 10.—According to Science, combustion of food liberates "carbonic acid gas," which permeates the animal system, and is expelled therefrom; giving influx to fresh air, which, in its turn, is assailed by carbonic acid gas; so that our systems are so many laboratories of poisonous "blood-circulation." Now, combustion is, I agree, an ordained process of heat-accumulation from "fuel," whether posited in a stomach or steam-boiler; and Eden's fruits may have been pre-posed in stomachs of Adam and Eve, to secure vital force for their first movements. But Scripture is clear, that our Maker, in viewing all his work, "saw that it was very GOOD." Shall my Christian doctor, then, instruct me that Eden's fruits generated "carbonic acid gas," and that Eden's air, as God gave it, was contin-

ent of gases destructive to life? My doctrine is not his; for my Christian GOD is PERFECTION, and "HIS works do praise HIM."

NOTE 49, page 109, line 16.—When philosophers conclude that combustion under a boiler, or in an animal stomach, is the only and sufficient kinetic force drawn upon to move engine-wheels, or heart-valves, they "imagine a vain thing." All admit the indispensable requirement of "draughts" upon furnace-coal, to supply air—without which fire dies out; and of draught through animal systems—without which life wanes to decease. And my traction upon scientific thought, beyond air-draughts, would only lead it Nature-wise.

NOTE 50, page 112, line 14.—My faith reposes upon LAWS and FORCE. I posit FORCE, as unitary, in air-units. For me, these airs we breathe are a universal reservoir of dynamic power. They flow in utilized wind, to turn the wings of wind-mills. As water and steam, they move machinery. Science assumes that "weight," in a turbine water-wheel, constrains its revolutions. I ask Science the cause of "weight." Newton could not tell us what caused his "Gravitation," nor explain it, save as Weight, Pressure, or Attraction. I require not Newton's hypothesis. I know that Force is in every unit of air; that I have only to make a *requisition* upon air, for supplies of force, and I obtain them. I respire AIR, at every breath. I inhale force; force of heat, which inflames my food-fuel to combustion. Ignition of food-fuel must be assured by contacts of fire. Air-force brings and applies its electric match.

NOTE 51, page 112, line 24. Xenophon of Kalophon, declared his apprehension of an invisible universal Agency. A Supreme Being, absolute in power, self-existent, infinite and eternal, was conceived by Parmenides under the name of *Ens*. Anaxagoras was an exceptionally clear-minded ontologist, and Democritus penetrated Nature's mysteries with marvellous intuition. Xenophon's Absolute Being answered to the Supreme *Nous* of Anaxagoras. Democritus attributed to each atom of the universe an inherent operative principle. Anaximenes supposed AIR to be the primordial element, whereof creation was moulded; and Anaxagoras explained creation as the result



of an attraction of each element of Nature for its own KIND. Democritus, accepting the atomic theory, enlarged upon it by supposing that subsistent things were constantly throwing off images of themselves; and that these images, or ideas, penetrated our organs of sense, through pores thereof.

Note 52, page 113, line 4. In elucidation of my meaning herein, I shall only refer to that psalm of David ( civ. ) wherein significant allusion is made to Divine ways and means of CREATION. (verses 2—9 ). But I may remark, in this connection, as elsewhere intimated, that my design in writing and printing this little book was to seek for my subject-matter such hearing as public interest touching INJURESOUL might assure, quite irrespective of new theories to be advanced by an unpretentious writer. Mankind is little given to concerns of its "temporal and eternal salvation" unless its attention be invoked through familiar formulations of accepted doctrines. We "sugar-gild" our facts of "pills" for children; and my way of broaching Nature's truths, under cover of satiric verse, may commend them to adults whose hearts are childly still. With this opening, I feel my way clear. And if "minds," wherewith I now commune, shall incline to more communion, hereafter, it is my trust that LIGHT will broaden ways we walk together, in pursuit of it.

Note 53, page 116, line 12. Charles Darwin wrote as follows: "A man may be an ardent theist and an evolutionist. My judgment often fluctuates. I have never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that,—generally, (and more and more as I grow older) but not always,—an *agnostic* would be the more correct description of my state of mind." Darwin pursued error, believing it to be truth. So, likewise, Huxley: patient investigator, large-hearted scientist,—is wandering only for lack of leading LIGHT. I have no word of reprehension for such students of Nature. I only grieve that Delilah, counterfeiting Nature, should consume their Samsonian strength of intellect.

Note 54, page 117, line 10. Dr. C. B. Radcliffe, in the *Contemporary Review*, dismisses geologic "proofs" with words of plain com-



mon sense. "I cannot see," he says, "why a few thousand years would not have served for doing all that had to be done, in the way of simple stratification." And it is on "stratification" that geologists set forth their pretensions regarding the antiquity of earth. But *Deluc*, in his "Elements of Geology," printed generations since, advanced his ideas that "Chaos" of Greek cosmogony, was the "void" of Scripture, and received from the Creator a certain quality of LIGHT, ordinating "chemical precipitations," whence came the crust of earth, which sunk in waters, and seas thus flooded lands; our present continents emerging afterwards from ocean deeps. He accepted Biblical chronology as ample duration for growth of continents. *Saussure*, also, asserted a theory of some "elastic fluid, operating as volcanic fire, and bearing up submerged land, on water-flows, to superimpose it, as layers of earth and rocks." No deep discernment is required, to learn from Scripture language (Ps. civ.) that Nature's operations were rehearsed in those words, "covered the deep, as with a garment." My faith, fortified by chemical discoveries patent to all men, encounters no difficulty in Mosaic mention of "dry land" appearing above receding "seas." Every age of human observation testifies to changes in sub-aqueous conformations of earth; of shoals and reefs discovered where shipmen formerly found no anchorage; of waters receding from coast-lines, leaving high bluffs where shallow beaches were, and foundations of masonry, once sea-washed, now far inland, or "high and dry" on mountain sides.

NOTE 55, page 117, line 22.—Good men are troubled, sometimes, by the bald jeers of Infidelity, disparaging their BIBLE as Divine Authority, because it is also an accepted record of human frailties, as Jewish history. But Bible teachings are not obscure, Law and Gospel are distinctly illumined by those Old Testament words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and their New Testament corollaries, uttered by CHRIST and his apostles, affirming that "Love" is the essence of religion; LOVE, in its triune power; as Light of Revelation; as heat of Human Progress in accord with NATURE; and as HUMAN

Life, in harmony with Nature's Laws of Movement, LIKE unto LIKE ;  
 "Faith, Hope, and Charity ! and the greatest of these is Charity !"

NOTE 56, page 118, line 24.—Philosophers have consumed thousands of aggregated years, and treasures of TIME, which is " money," in erecting their Babel towers on flowing airs. *Cui bono?* To what end is philosophy which cannot better *earthly* conditions, whereby our human race is afflicted ? And if we look upon these expenditures of SCIENCE as they ultimate this day—in systems of teachings made up of errors—widening and fastening FALSEHOOD on human MIND, in antagonism to GOD and NATURE ; what utter and wicked squanderings of LIGHT do we note ? Reflective reasoners should consider, that stellar assumptions are based upon views of stars by their own light. We are to suppose the earth's bulk (so insignificant according to astronomic data) can cast a shadow by night, sufficient to obscure an immense, flaming SUN, ninety million miles away ; (as astronomers reckon ; ) and that our small " orb " requires twenty-four hours to revolve on an axis, while their " planet " Jupiter—said to be 500,000,000 miles from us—accomplishes a revolution of 270,000 miles (so they say) in ten hours. Learned editors, and college professors, make mirth in comment upon JASPER, that humble preacher, in Richmond, Va. , who disputes assertions of astronomy. Science differs from Jasper. Her mental imagery is lustrous with kaleidoscopic sheen, symmetrically disposed by deceptive AIRS ; while Jasper's countenance is dusky. But no light of Lord Rosse's telescope, nor diameters of Lick's great achromatic ground glass, shall ever " find out God " in SPACE beyond these airs ; while every " little child," in Jasper's church, may discern, with Jasper's faith, that " God is everywhere."

NOTE 57, page 127, line 22.—Mental work, arrayed in books, is mentioned as " Letters ;" educated writers are " men of letters ;" and Cadmos, tradition avers, " invented letters." But it is my way to believe that the Author of Mind and of Human Speech was no less the Author of " parts of speech." What the utterance of Adam would have been, if no *words*, as names of visible things, acts, and

sensations, were impressed upon his mentality, may be inferred from what we know of such a wild creature as the boy of Nuremberg, who was called Kaspar Hauser ; a child secluded from his birth ; only a few words, impressed by tuition upon his mind, with some written letters. Sensations—without *words* to fix them on memory—are but *touches* of sense, conveying no intelligence. It is obvious that Adam and Eve must have received *impressions* of *words* corresponding to their thoughts ; and it is not probable that Supreme Intelligence impressed His human creatures with mere “baby-talk,” or left them to emit uncouth sounds, by “jerks,” as Max Müller conjectures, in his theory that *words* were vocal expressions impelled by sensations or perceptions of things, as things were felt or perceived. On Nature’s Laws of “MOVEMENT, *like to like*” I predicate a provision by Our Maker of all *essences* of things, flowing in all-continent *air*, and quickly responsive to *wills* of animal creatures. No question can be raised respecting facts of *essences* carried in air-flows everywhere ; essences which Science extracts from air, as elements of earth. We have only to account for *unknown* essences, basic of mental as of physical matter ; and my apprehension accepts *impressions* as *contact* of such unknown ESSENCES. I am instructed that, when *sense* perceives an *impression*, it is made aware of a *substance* in *contact* with it. And why not ? I affirm, what is not denied, that *air* is continent of all substance whereof things are made, through accretions of air to water, of water to salts, sands, earth, and all derivatives of earth. Air is *heat* ; air is *light*. Units of *air*, in accretion, compose all substances. What, then, shall I conclude concerning *impressions*, which become *thoughts*, but that they are flows of air—of *heat*—of *electric substance*, which my will summons to *touch* my senses, in obedience to Nature’s Laws of *movement, like unto like* ? No *impression* is possible without contact of substance with substance. Sir Isaac Newton could only account to himself for his “attraction of gravity” by supposing some *medium* of influence—some substance in contact with substance. Writing to *Bentley*, he said—“That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a

distance, through a *vacuum*, without the *mediation* of anything else, by and through which their action and *force* may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so *great an absurdity*, that I believe no man who has, in philosophical matters, a competent faculty of *thinking*, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an *agent, active constantly*, according to certain laws."

NOTE 58, page 131, line 16.—This philosopher, who attends convocations of "free-thinkers," and postures as an intimate of male cranks, and of graceless female cranks—who out-mouth their masculine colleagues in disclaimers of authority, human or divine—is mentioned here as a "representative" of his class; an erratic class, consociated as "advanced thinkers;" their "plane" (as they term it) of "higher mind" a dreary level of human sense, made up of antiquated dust-atoms trodden under foot of Greek and Roman philosophers, but stirred up, periodically, by Bobs and Toms of every land. Such "palmers" make no pilgrimage to "Holy Lands" in pursuit of "Sinai's Flame." They are "self-enlightened" by INJURESOUL's "god of gods," in each addled brain-pan. We encounter these cranks under various names; from days of Gnostics to days of Agnostics; exploiting as "Illuminati," "Schools of thought," Theosophists, Hegelians, and Comptists; or making known their uneasy presence in the world as "individualisms;" but always "cranks;" inclined to one of two notions; that dust ends all things, or that Deity will save all souls, even that of a "Christian Evolutionist."

NOTE 59, page 133, line 6.—Allusion to a neophyte initiated in Eleusinian mysteries, whose experience is rehearsed in Thomas Moore's "Epicurean."

NOTE 60, page 135, line 10.—That an air-current—freighted with germs of disease arising from corruption of "Plague" or "Cholera" in an Asiatic city—may carry fever germs in continuity of malarious units, to an American city, is as certain as any movement of light-flows in air. When malaria is accreted to conditions of receptivity, in any city, that city is imperiled by malaria in all places. Asiatic fevers may flow to it, under Laws of movement, LIKE unto LIKE.

Air-currents, bearing continuities of malarious units, may feed an epidemic in New York, with poison-germs from Jassicore. What is it to say? Are we not communicating, by telegraph, with Asiatic cities most remote? What are these electric flows, which "girdle round about the earth," but air-currents, tenuous air-currents, bearing electric *heats* upon wires? Is it for MIND to conceive of an air-current's attenuation and tenuity? or of its "continuity," whereof there is no "solution?" Science tells us that a spider's thread is woven of six-thousand filaments; that a quarter ounce of it would extend four hundred miles; and that platinum wire may be drawn out in a finer thread than a spider's; so that the thickness of one hundred and forty platinum wires would not equal the thickness of a silk-worm thread. Science tells us that a grain of musk scents a room for years, without perceptible loss of weight. Freights of deadly malaria wander in unbroken flows, from point to point, of air, under Nature's Laws, by force of tractile heat. A single germ of Yellow Fever or Cholera, planted in some receptive locality, may wax to an epidemic disease, decimating, and even depopulating.

NOTE 61, page 136, line 12.—Ambitious Human Mind! it lacks, only direction. Its activities might be omnipotent, as they are omnipresent. Nature lifts her plaints; wails her wants; but her plaints are ignored, her wants unheeded. Every march of mind and money, combined, proclaims intents of PROGRESS; but one march "goes, ballooning" in heavenly airs, with enginery of "movement" represented by observatories and immense telescopes; while another march, abuts upon Arctic ices, where Science pursues her phantom of a "Northwest passage" *outside* of this world and its ordained water ways.

NOTE 62, page 137, line 4.—"Curses" and "ills," afflicting Humanity and Nature, are resultant from "wills" of mankind. But alas! they subsist; no denial of that; and it is only through an apprehension, by MIND, of its own origin, and of all origins, that an alliance of Mankind with Nature may be so far established as earthly malversations of heavenly ordinations shall permit. MALARIA is fastened

upon us. Four fifths, at least, of our vital breath is loaded with it ; and the air we dwell in weights physical no less than human nature, with hurtful pressures of congested heats. Science is vindicating Nature and her Divine Author, by every help for human ails, every method devised for reclamation of barren land-areas, and the removal of obstacles to human intercourse. With every *wrong* discovered, we realize that it is remediable or palliative, by *right* ways and means; plainly showing to us, that wrongs of all sorts are abnormal and unnatural.

NOTE 63, page 138, line 14.—BIBLE light on " Political Economy " satisfies my common sense better than two thousand books extant upon it, from Adam Smith and Ricardo, to Goldwin Smith and Ricardo redivivus, as Henry George. Advised by Scripture of an actual allotment of SOIL to the first family—as its " Garden of Eden "—I discern direction for mankind, in ways of Nature. When Deity—as Maker and Owner of this earth—ordained a location of Adam and Eve within designated bounds, the ordainment indicated that property-possession was to be personal, not communal; and that children of Adam and Eve were to locate, at proper periods, on defined land-areas, within stated bounds; so that every family might cultivate and enjoy its own family heritage; its tenure absolute, as property in fee, so long as terms of the lease should be observed; those terms recorded by MOSES, (Gen. ii. 15) " And the LORD GOD took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it." Well were it, if Adam's posterity, in early ages, had heeded Divine direction, by allotments of homesteads to families; their tenures of possession recited by this verse of Genesis: to "dress" and "to keep," to cultivate and to hold, as landed estates, assured forever to *users*; their only title-deeds to be *uses* and *usufructs*.

NOTE 64, page 139, line 8.—Mental *impressions* are *substances*, flowing as *essences* in air-currents; air-units, which are units of *light* and *heat*; and they answer, with *electric* celerity, the summons of every *will*, through Nature's heat-force, under her Laws of Movement, *like to like*. This air we breathe is our *font* of words, as parts, or



components, of speech ; an ambient *thesaurus* of words in all tongues of mankind, since speech became polyglot. My belief is that an original language was given to our first Parents. Philologic discussion I postpone. Language has kept pace with perversions of primal provisions for human movements in all ways. But language is *stored*, with all other *essences* of substance, in the air we breathe ; and from these *airs* are summoned—at our *WILLS*—whatever words we know as words, to the extent of our acquaintance with any language.

NOTE 65, page 140, line 6. —Natural air-currents, by stress of crucial heat, consign their freights to the chemist, and he receipts for them, as salts, sodium, and metals. I affirm that Nature knows no other bases of earthly substances. All “compounds” referred for their origin to “gases” of Science, are excrescent and unnatural. Sodium is the oceanic base of brine ; and brine is precipitated as units of air and its eternal “*alter ego*,” HEAT, to become salts and crystals. There is no distinction between air, heat, and light, in fluid subsistence. But when force of heat operates *creatively*, its first product is vapor, which liquifies into water ; its next product—accreted heat-units—perceptible as foam and froth ; its third product, brine, basic of salt ; its fourth product, salt, accreted of air and heat, making substances manifest as concrete LIGHT ; its fifth product, atoms or molecules of salt, accreting to grains of sand. My premise is this ; that heat-units, under agitations of heat-force in seas, accrete to an original substance as sea foam : and I accept, as its sign, that SODIUM, of Chemistry, which is present, as an essential oil, in every substance ; largely in animal formations. It is nutriment in an egg, as in mammalian milk. All seeds and germs encyst it. Decay and death retain it. SODIUM is last with all mortality, as it is anterior to all birth. It is hoary crust on ivied ruin ; it is grave-mould. Dr. Dalton admires, he says, the miraculous transformation going on in the interior “of an animal system, whereby the gluten of bread, the caseine of milk, and the albumen of eggs, are concreted into the bones, the membranes and the nervous tissues.” This “miracle of Nature” is referable to Laws of LIKE and movement, operative through heat-force ; and in every filament

of a tissue, every fibrine molecule, of osseous, muscular, and vascular substance, we may trace its oleic base, its essential element ; perceptible as its odor, or its odid ; when heat-force stirs it into fragrant or foetid air-flows.

NOTE 65 No 2, page 140, line 6.—Motes and flecks of innocuous matter might flow even in PURE HEAT ; which was Nature's air, breathed by animals in years of Adam and Eve, before any unnatural substance subsisted. Pure heat is pure carbon ; constituent of a pure diamond. That Primal earth, which pre-diluvial mankind inhabited, was originally conditioned to sustain immortal human beings. Divine Will, I believe, designed our race to subsist forever in happiness under Nature's Laws of Movement and Like. All matter was "good." Movement of like with like must have assured perpetuity of "good." Animal decay could simply come to pass as disintegration of animals made for man's uses ; to supply his food, raiment, and other substances. Effluvia of animal or vegetable substance would flow as fluid heat, whereof all matter was composed. Mankind, endued with immortal souls, would renew consumed flesh, in perfect proportions of youth and maturity ; and beyond maturity neither decadence nor senility of body or mind could come ; because human bodies must be continually renewing their pristine freshness, so long as Nature's Laws should continue normal movements of LIKE to LIKE. Is it not clear that such conditionings of mankind must have preserved undying existence ? Is it not correspondingly clear that physical NATURE could never lapse from her original goodness and purity, so long as her ordinations should accord with Divine Design ? What, then, brought physical Nature into variance from Divine Design ? What disturbed her normal relations with God and man ? Unquestionably such malversations of her subsistence must have followed departures from her LAWS ; and such departures could not have been her own determination, nor that of Deity. Two Laws only were to be obeyed ; that of LIKE to LIKE, which would assure all mental and physical growth ; all improvements and perfections of ways and means toward human happiness ; and that of MOVEMENT, assisted by NATURE'S FORCE of



**PURE HEAT.** What possible ill could come upon earth while obedience to these TWIN LAWS preserved mankind in harmonious relations with physical Nature? But an infraction of one was infraction of the other.

NOTE 66, page 141, line 6.—It is an ordination of Providence, which places our breathing apparatus, as porch-way and hall-ways to our *penetralia* of organic life, a double-gated heart, and its inner places of household use and resort; and if it be another providential ordination that adapts our lungs to purposes which obviously assure filtration of suspired air; and if a third interposition locates our liver as an agency of detergent action, whence bile is precipitated upon membranous ducts, to collect in that sac of acid heat, the gall-bladder; and if an exudation of gall drops continuously upon the pancreatic gland, and is conveyed by that duct to the stomach; there to concentrate acid heats, as gastric juice; so far, we may follow Nature's ways, as helps to hurts inhaled with any breath of air. And if it is true, as I affirm, that detergent action of thoracic and pulmonary glands, and of liver tissues, must depend upon degrees of temperature in these organic structures, as compared with local heats of stomach, of gall-bladder, and of pancreatic ducts; if it be true, moreover, that a higher condition of heat in throat and lungs, than in liver and gall-bladder, invites malarious flows, and constrains their detention and deposit of *virus* in larynx, bronchial glands, and lung-cells, inciting inflammation; then it should be the way of a good physician to ascertain, as his first duty, the degree of heat subsisting in liver, in gall-bladder, and in pancreas; and see to it, then, that he at once, reduces the temperature of throat and lungs, while raising heats—natural or artificial—in every detergent agency, wherewith NATURE'S provisionings aid him, when he works with her, in comprehension of her LAWS and FORCE. We have heard enough of stale repetitions; rehearsing medical troubles with inflamed follicles, inert glands, torpid liver, congested lungs, arrested secretions, and unnumbered stages of disorders on their road-ways to bronchitis, pneumonia, jaundice, lithiasis, dropsy, and "Bright's Disease." It

is no business of mine, to teach practitioners of medicine. But it is my affair to reiterate that AIR, as HEAT, circulates in every vein, vesicle, capillary, filament, and fibre, of nerves and glands; that AIR, as heat, imparts vortical motion to every corpuscle of blood or lymph; that AIR, as HEAT, under Laws of Movement unto Like, must inevitably flow toward any *locale* of GREATER HEAT; and that this accounts for all CONGESTION; because an arrested unit of flowing heat is crowded upon by other cursive units, and ACCRETION follows—of units to molecules—whereby abnormal heat waxes to inflammation; enforced incessantly by every suspiration of breath.

NOTE 66 No. 2, page 141, line 6.—LIGHT, in Scripture, is GOD; the Dwelling of God; His Instrumentality. In physics, it is HEAT, active or latent, as combustion. Light, heat, and air are ONE; the primordial element, whence all things are processive, from fluidic to liquid and solid conditionings. Air cannot be consumed. It is, on the contrary, that Universal Solvent which philosophy has failed to find, because philosophers look beyond its manifest operations, to posit some element more subtile, which is not in existence. Heat is air-force, and a chemist identifies it, when he eliminates malaria from air, and designates a remainder of CARBON. Those gases which he classifies as nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, are simply and solely secretions of malaria, infiltrating air; as air is made the "common carrier" of all fluidic substances, natural and unnatural, to help or to hurt mankind, under Laws of Nature. Some years ago the scientific world was transiently stirred by an announcement that Prof. LOCKYER had discovered what he termed a "fifth gas," insoluble, and a solvent of other gases. His experiments had revealed to him, without doubt, a presence of pure carbon; *i. e.* electrically pure heat. But, like Des Cartes, and Sir Isaac Newton, when both those philosophers arrived at the threshold of Nature's tabernacle, and beheld her LIGHT, streaming through vortices of iridescent glory, this clear-minded *savant*, who is editor of a scientific magazine called NATURE, has dallied with his opportunity, in deference, perhaps, to that SCIENCE which he adorns as a thinker, and might illustrate as a discoverer.

NOTE 66, No 3, page 141, line 6.—SUPREME WILL ordained a procession of sequences, in allotted areas of Movement, to carry into execution DIVINE DESIGN. Can it be denied that CREATION would result? When every unit of heat was a unit of FORCE, and all units were stirred consentaneously as motors of movement in each sequence of accretion—unit by unit, LIKE with LIKE—what else could be, but co-ordinate advance of movement and material toward consummation of Divine Design? Moses tells us that Divine Power—"SPIRIT of GOD"—moved upon vapors. Vapors are the first outcome of heated Air. Liquified, they are conditioned as water. Heat-action, through sunshine on watery vapor, ordinales that familiar apparition, the rain-bow. May we not apprehend that analogous conditionings of vapors; under heat-force, made luminous distinction between waters of the "deep" and incumbent airs, so that LIGHT and DARKNESS flowed as apparitions apart? "And God called the light DAY, and the darkness he called NIGHT."

NOTE 67, page 145, line 14.—When Cicero wrote: "Quo proprius aberat ab ortu et divina progenie, hoc melius ea quæ erant vera cernebat," he surmised that even apparent divergences of Divine outcomes must have emanated from true INTELLIGENCE; as LAW alone can operate effects, from causes. Cicero, in common with Latin reasoners of his age, conceived of an Infinite Mind, personified as Jove, ruler of Gods and men, in accordance with an Inflexible Necessity. His apprehension failed to compass an idea of that "Unknown God" who is LAW personified, of whom the apostle Paul reminded his Athenian audience, on Mars' Hill: "HIM, therefore, whom ye ignorantly worship, preach I now unto you." Not seldom was worship lifted, by some heathen sage, in ascription of all powers and procedures to an INFINITE MIND; and it is evident that DIVINE LIGHT flowed upon such "advanced minds," with power akin to that Sinai Flame which burned upon lips and pens of Isaiah, Daniel, and other Hebrew prophets. But in our day, philosophers are more intent on framing laws of their own, to sway celestial and terrestrial movements, than upon any motion of themselves toward

Nature and her Laws. Men sink artesian wells in all soils, to purvey fresh water, and their gardens are irrigated by perennial flows of fresh water from multitudinous springs on a sea-girt land-area, like Long Island; and yet it is taught in school-books that ocean-areas receive salt-washings from lands, to continue their briny secretions. No scientist has inquired concerning the origin of salt; nor surmised that heat-force, in wave-action, accretes "heat-units" in sea-foam; or that sea-foam (which I elsewhere accept as that product of chemical test, called *sodium*) is basic of salt; as it is basic of metal-elements; simply because it is AIR—base of all things; and is as much a product of heat, when it froths on a "whipt-syllabub" as when cresting billows, or accreting as "fire-balls" in the wake of a Missouri cyclone. LAW ordnates its action, under every form or conditioning, as normal or abnormal heat. We are cognizant of its effect in what Newton called "force of gravitation," impelling movement of a waterfall; and we employ it then to whirl our mill-wheels. But mankind tarried for Watts to learn that heat-force, augmented and confined, would become a resistless power, in steam; although philosophers had witnessed phenomena of heat-force in steam with every exhalation rising under sunshine from misty meadows. Mankind waited for Franklin to win electric sparks from a passing cloud, and for Morse to apply their force to electric wires, and for Edison to flash them as force of heat-action, fed by concentric air-flows.

NOTE 68, page 146, line 22. It is assumed by learned teachers of minds, that our Bible account of CREATION is incorrect; because it differs from certain formulations of human thought in books, set forth as SCIENCE. Religious people are asked by these learned teachers, to reject divers chapters of the BIBLE, basic of Christian Faith, which are in strict accordance with Science itself, as instructive of things known to every chemist. Geologists and astronomers wish us to ignore the evidence of our senses; to deny that this earth was created, through sequences of formations and transformations of substance, as MOSES recorded; when we are witnesses ourselves of every-day phenomena exactly similar. On the other hand, neither

a geologer nor an astronomer is able to adduce a single fact of evidence to prove that our earth is older than ages computed in accordance with Scriptural time ; or that it revolves on an axis as a whirling globe ; or that stars are revolving and coursing planets ; or that any solar system is existent ; or that Science has any ground save conjecture for her teachings regarding sidereal laws and movements, or for her speculations respecting geologic periods of chaotic and abortive movements of matter, struggling to make itself into the world we inhabit. In effect, it is demanded of CHRISTIANITY that she shall reconcile her FAITH with FICTION. No foundation whatever, beyond human belief, is presented by SCIENCE for her theories formulated by Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, in lieu of Ptolemaic astronomy, which swayed learned minds during eleven centuries before "Keplerian laws" were substituted. Not one "fact" of so-called "astronomic facts," could be received as legal evidence in an *impartial* court of law. Science claims no tenable ground of its own, yet assumes to advance against Bible grounds, when Bible grounds are accredited facts, based on chemical Science. Astronomy and Geology are *ex curia*, as legal pleaders, yet they venture disputation of Mosaic statements, which are supported by Science itself, as a chemical witness. But apart from the absurd demands, made by Philosophy, that Religion shall give up Bible-truth, when it is truth proven by Science itself, we have another, and an imperative reason, for summary dismissal of scientific assumptions adverse to Mosaic cosmogony. Those assumptions, entertained, would deprive us, at once of GOD and MAN. They would relegate all ideas concerning a SUPREME BEING, to the domain of Platonic or Neo-Platonic abstractions, or to the compass of mythologic superstitions in Pagan ages and countries. We should abandon our "God of the Bible," and reject His Image, as He made it, in Adam and Eve. His "Humanity" would be lost to us, and without His Imaged "Humanity," as Moses presents it, there could be no cognition of GOD as "Father of Mankind ;" as "Our Father in Heaven," whose "mercy endureth forever."

Christian Hope would perish, with Hebrew Faith. Science would annul Mosaic authority for GOD, our MAKER; and if that authority be lost, there is no longer a Hebrew Faith or a Christian Creed. Prophecy falls, as rhapsodic declamation of Jewish bards; inconsequential as Hesiod's allegories or Cassandra's vaticinations. Mosaic Scripture is Christianity's corner-stone. Remove it, and her Temple totters, her worship wanders, her priesthoods are pretenders.

NOTE 69, page 147, line 14.—Unapprised of Eternal and Supreme Laws, operative through Heat-Force, our modern discoverers have dealt with *effects* only—with *phenomena*; ignoring omnipresent CAUSE. What now, if indices of Law, and Cause, and Force, which I suggest, shall direct their philosophic ways intelligently? And what, on the other hand, if words I write are ignored or slighted? Schiller may speak to laggards, I shall have done with them:—

“Da noch alles lag in weiter Ferne,  
Da hattest Du Entschluss und Muth;  
Und jetzt, da der Erfolg gessichert ist,  
Da fangst Du an zu zagen.”

NOTE 70, page 149, line 6.—“Doubts” may be pardoned, when I asseverate the truth that *icicles* are congested heat-units; because preconceived notions oppose *cold* to *heat*, as its negation. But when all effects of HEAT, as a force of *fire*, (except combustion) are traceable in frost-burn from contact with congelated metal, or a keen wind, or a current of cold air, generating fever; and when cold hardens to congestion, as heat does; and congestion yields to heat-force always; it is not unlearning too much if we reconsider our notions regarding cold, as a negation of heat; except so far as it is actually an electric force—the *negative* of *positive* heat-force; *static*, or latent force, in contradistinction from dynamic power. Ice-blocks are stagnant heat-units accreted to atoms of inert light. Melt ice, and light disappears in heat-flows. Pour hot water into a spout, under temperature below zero, and its flowing units and atoms of heat speedily crystallize into heat inert, which is ice; glistening as LIGHT.



unless its heat-units were discolored as they flowed. Imprisoned thus as INERT HEAT, air-units are unnaturally conditioned, and they repel heat-flows, in ratios of their static force, or resistance as inertia. Shallow incrustations of frost, on your window pane, yield to heat-flows of a fire or sunshine. Congelations of deep snows, and areas of solid ice, resist heat-flows. Hence those apparitions of electric lights above masses of snow and ice; the *Aurora Borealis* repelled from Arctic latitudes. Heat-flows impinge upon solid blocks of ice, and recoil unwelcomed. Nature's Law of Movement to Like is inflected by her own unnatural conditioning. Her normal fluidity, as AIR, is congested abnormally; her heat and light are no longer in reciprocal movement as air-currents. NATURE, moulder of all accretion, may ordinate ice, for man's uses; but ice-bérge, ice-floes, glaciers in avalanchine movement, and snow-storms, are alien to her natural heat-flows; perversions of MOVEMENT, like whirlwinds, tornadoes, and volcanic eruptions.

Note 71, page 149 line 12.—“For DEITY's sake!” is my literal apprehension of deep significance in those words of Scripture. (Ps. (civ. 2.) “Who coverest Thyself with LIGHT, as with a garment;” and (2 Cor. vi. 14.) “What communion hath LIGHT with darkness?” indeed in various allusions to LIGHT as an encompassment of Deity. It is only necessary for me to conceive of a FIRST CAUSE, the synonym of Immaculate Love, Light, and Life; and of LAWS, eternally enforced, which move all essences and elements to concert with their LIKES; and I am at once instructed that no flow of light save Immaculate Love, Light, and Life, can return upon Him whose LIKE is not anywhere but in HIMSELF. Here, then, my GOD abides forever; in His “bright cloud,” impenetrable by any unit of substance which is not His own ineffable LIGHT; an apparition whereof was vouchsafed to PAUL; when he beheld, on his way to Damascus, “a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun.” Malaria may envelope all substances which have issued from His Nature; and His Nature, under her own Laws, may be afflicted, through duration of earthly matter, by perversions of His ordinations and forces

under malverse wills of mankind. But God abides Immaculate ! the All-good ! the All-wise ! His Eternal Laws defend Him from approximation of evil. He "dwells in Light!"—"GOD is LIGHT!" When TIME shall pass away—when the elements melt with "servent HEAT" these airs of ours shall know no future "gases."

NOTE 72, page 149, line 26.—When we know GOD, as an EXISTENCE shielded from all return, upon His Ineffable Holiness, of any unit thereof which is unholy, through earthly contacts; we may know that ETERNAL LAWS must decide all questions of salvation for souls; because, under Laws of Movement, LIKE to LIKE, no disembodied soul can flow, as a spiritual substance, to any companionship, or to any place, except to its LIKE. Comprehending this inexorable condition of spiritual movement, we may understand those Scripture collocations: "Judas by transgressions fell, that he might go to *his own place*;" (Acts i, 25) and "I will go and return to *my place*;" the words ascribed to ELOHIM (Hosea v, 15). We may conceive of ELOHIM's "place" as an encompassment of "Immaculate Light, Love, and Life" supernally removed from the remotest contagion of this UNIVERSE He made, through permitted processes of CREATION, under Laws of Nature. A remarkable passage of Scripture (Gen. xxiv. 3,)—where Abraham makes his steward "swear by the LORD, GOD of HEAVEN, and the GOD of the EARTH"—instructs me that the ONE GOD of Hebrew worship was adored by its founder as a DUALITY; as JEHOVAH-ELOHIM—ruling HIS INFINITY of Heaven; while swaying His Earthly creation as "JEHOVAH." That passage of Genesis—never explained by "Elohist" or "Jehovist," in an idle controversy of centuries—advises me of Light imparted to Abraham, revealing to his faith the presence of his DEITY, as the "Spirit of God" in this world; His IMMANENCE of FLAME, flowing from LOVE, LIGHT, and LIFE, as OMNIPOTENT ENERGY, Maker of this Universe we inhabit. JEHOVAH-ELOHIM—"Lord God"—dwells in His "place"—the "heaven of heavens" (1 Kings viii. 27., 2 Chron. ii. 6, and vi. 18). As JEHOVAH, His "Spirit of God"—HIS WORD—His FLAME—He ordained Creation, through processes of Nature,



under His Eternal Laws of MOVEMENT, LIKE unto LIKE. After this conception of ONE GOD, in Dual Existence,—as His LIGHT, and as His FLAME, or “Spirit of LIGHT”—my mind is receptive of another impression, which gives me my *Triune Deity*; gives me an Incarnation of FLAME, the “Spirit of Light,” in my acceptance of JESUS CHRIST, as a manifestation of “the God of the Earth” adored by Abraham, and announced by Hebrew prophets. This impression makes me a Trinitarian Christian; because its completeness of conviction lifts my soul to loving contemplation of ONE GOD, as HE IS ETERNALLY! the Infinite Source of LIGHT, Essence of all elements; His Nature, Pure Love, in Movement as Light and Life, in His “heaven of heavens;” and in Movement as Pure Flame, in His earthly Universe by FLAME created. Why shall I not be satisfied with this, my FAITH sublime? my conception of an ETERNAL SOURCE of Love, Light, and Life? a Source whence only PURE GOOD can flow to us, His creatures? What is it to me, that human WILLs have obstructed and perverted Divine ways, to the affliction of mankind and physical Nature? I deplore the lugubrious FACT of EVIL in this world, for which human wills alone are responsible. But my contemplation of an INEFFABLE BEING whose Eternal Existence is an Existence of Flowing Love, Light, and Life, for this earth He made, through His Energy of Flame! my reflection upon this UNCHANGING and ALL-SUFFICING Source of All-Good, whose INFINITY abides for redeemed Humanity in an Eternity of Happiness; when Nature shall resume her allegiance to Law, and MALARIA shall be no more forever!—are not these conclusions of my search—to “find out GOD”—an “exceeding great reward” for my MIND? whether this or that supercilious reader shall toss away book of mine with ridicule or indifference? *Quos ridet denique, ridet tandem!*

NOTE 73, page 150, line 17.—“Posit this Immanence!” It is not difficult to conceive of PURE FLAME within INFINITE LIGHT, at whatsoever inner place Divine Will and Movement ordain. Mathematicians define INFINITY as “centre everywhere, circumference nowhere.” Let me, then, conceive of an ordained flow of LOVE.

LIGHT, and LIFE, to any point of INFINITY, as CREATIVE FLAME. Let me posit that FLAME as a periphery of some allotted aerial Space; and I can quickly apprehend the action of FLAME encompassing such aerial Space. For I know that CREATIVE FLAME is continent of all essences precursive of every element required to constitute water and earth. I know that heat-force, under Laws of Movement, LIKE unto LIKE, must ordinate flows of mist, because mist is always an outcome of flaming heat. I know that mist, permitted to accrete its units, will become vapor; and that vapors, under heat-force, expand to dry air, and are separated from liquefied vapors flowing as water. I arrive here, at the "Beginning" of CREATION, which Moses chronicles as a beginning, without doubt, of earthly TIME. What more have I to reflect upon, in view of NATURE, entering on her processes of development and formation, under Laws of Movement, LIKE unto LIKE? Only this; an important consideration; that the Almighty Designer and Architect of our universe decreed a "Beginning," noted by Moses, and that, subsequently, after four thousand years of Time, His "Spirit of Light" INCARNATE, as CHRIST, predicted an END of TIME, which must inevitably close this world of ours, in a consummation of all created things not "saved" as immortal souls. I know this doctrine is a slighted one; that our "advanced minds," our preachers of "development" are prone to optimistic hopes regarding future ages of progress for humanity; and that many Christian thinkers ignore plain words of Christ himself concerning "latter days" of earth and its belongings. But this I know, also; that there is no possible way to eliminate from all flowing airs their burdens of MALARIA—miscalled "natural gases"—but that way which Chemistry has learned; when stress of crucial heats consumes not only nitrogen—this foe of life, *azote*—but remands *ozone* to its LIKE—that lambent flame of normal HEAT, which every electric light, every gas-jet, every wick of a tallow candle, shrines at its core of combustion! a consumeless flame; such an apparition, in substance, as Moses beheld when "the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

NOTE 74, page 151, line 12.—Every air-current flows with some freightage of elementary essence. It may carry units of matter indispensable for vegetable and animal life; or it may bear deleterious units. NATURE, is constrained to unceasing *movement*. Her fluids, when congested, and estopped from normal movement, become at variance with her. Fluids *must move*, toward natural accretions into earthly substances, or else in antagonism of Nature. Accretion of snows on mountain-heights is an ordination of Nature for supplies of pure water, to feed sub-tending springs and rills. But ice-formation, whereby seas and lands are burthened, as in Arctic countries, with floes and bergs obstructing human movement toward cultivation of soils, is an unnatural consequence of human shortcomings in neglect of Nature's laws. So, likewise, while normal Heat is absolutely necessary to life and growth, there is no question that congestions of air and water-flows common in tropical countries—whereby river-courses are obstructed or diverted, morasses accumulated, forest-growth choked, and barren soils, or saltless sands, substituted for fertile plains—must be antagonistic to Nature and her Laws, as they are inimical to MAN, who is responsible for them.

NOTE 75, page 152, line .6.—Perfection of LAW comprehends all subject-matter of regulation. My perception of DEITY accepts HIS GODHEAD as the Eternal and Omnipotent LAW OF DIRECTION for all things; for every unit of substance. THIS LAW sanctifies, enshrines, and secludes HIS BEING from every unit of substance which is not IMMACULATE like Himself, as Perfect Love, Light, and Life. No aspiration of a soul can reach His Divine Cognition, unless that aspiration is of unmixed purity. So it follows conclusively, that an INTERMEDIARY recipient of human aspirations was absolutely necessary. And the All-Merciful became INCARNATE, as His Son Jesus Christ; MEDIATOR, INTERCESSOR. To Christ, as the "Holy Spirit," souls may lift their prayers for help, for strength, for direction. The ETERNAL LAW of Movement, LIKE unto LIKE, responds, without fail, to their needs. It is this assurance, that a "Comforter" was to supplement the Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ, which sus-

tained the faith of early Christians, as it suffices for devout believers now.

NOTE 76, page 153, line 2.—Vain “minds,” in books, have speculated respecting “an eternity of idleness” preceding CREATION, six thousand years ago. What idea of DIVINE SUBSISTENCE, in Eternal Life, is commensurate with OMNIPOTENCE? Certainly no other idea but that of “Ineffable Blessedness!” He who is MASTER, of all ways and means known to mankind as auxiliary to human happiness, could assure transcendent bliss to His Own Being. What occasion, then, for an ordination of HIS FLAME, as Creative Force, to construct an earth for humanity? His FLAME might flow within His Own Being as Love, Light, and Life, eternally without movement toward creative ENERGY. We can refer CREATION to one motive only; the desire of a LOVING GOD to make loving creatures, for the enjoyment of happiness like His own. That His Blessed Will has not been the way of mankind, is man’s fault, as his misfortune. In other pages, I shall seek LIGHT upon that unanswered question: “Why did not GOD, in creating mankind, assure such conditionings of human nature, that no disobedience to Divine Laws could be possible?” I harbor no doubts—I apprehend no difficulties—in the way of settling this question, as it should be settled, to the glory of God.

NOTE 77, page 153, line 10.—“What we mean by MIND,” wrote Sir William Hamilton, “is that which perceives, thinks, feels, wills, and desires.” Thomas Reid, a profound metaphysician, defined Mind as “that in a man which thinks, remembers, reasons, wills.” But such conclusions embrace *operations* only; they fail to identify MIND, as an agent, an entity; a power we image and locate. MIND is confounded with SOUL, from which it is distinct as darkness from sunshine. MIND is a catena of *impressions* initiated by WILLS of animals, and closing with those WILLS. Animal *heats* begin and conclude mental processes, from the *sensation* which precedes a *perception*, to the *determination* of each mental operation by “mind made up,” as *will* to act. The *locale* of all mental action—whether it be fleeting,

as a mere impulse, or whether it be prolonged in severe ratiocination of complex ideas—is identified as the nervous *plexus* only; the animal economy involved in nerves of sensation and direction. “*Nihil in intellectu nisi quod prius fuerit in sensu*,” said Locke; to which Leibnitz added: “*Nisi ipse intellectus!*” affirming his belief that Mind is not only an outcome of sensation, but is *itself* sensation; a conclusion absolutely true; because *sensation* is *perception* of an *impression* upon the flesh-point of a nerve, or capillary, by contact of an air-point—a point of electric heat-force, conveying *intelligence* to the nerve; precisely as a communication of telegraphic intelligence is ordained instantly by junction of wire with wire. It is Nature’s provisioning for conveyance of *light*, from her “universals,” in *air*, to animal natures; so that *intelligence* may inform them in ratios of their demands and capacities to receive impressions of intelligence. “In my own mind,” wrote Professor Joseph Henry, shortly before his death, in 1878—“I find ideas of right and wrong, of good and evil. These ideas, then, exist in the universe, and, therefore, form a basis of our ideas of a moral universe.” “Universals” were accepted by ancient philosophers, who believed in their existence, as Divine *ideas*, basic of all intelligence designed for human uses. But Divine ideas, like PURE AIR, are burthened with human ideas, good, bad, and indifferent, flowing as mental malaria in air-currents, *like with like*. I have no space, nor is this my place, to enlarge upon the subject. Let it suffice, that intelligence is subsistent in AIR; that it hastens, at call of animal will, to impress animal nerves; that it is composed of heat-units, (essences of all elements;) that it is conveyed by electric heat-force to junction with animal nerves; under Laws of Movement, *like unto like*; that it *must* be *substance*, because it *impresses* as *force*. To fancy *force* without *contact* (Newton said) is an “absurdity,” and *contact* presupposes *tangibility*, a quality of substance. Whatever intelligence is called for by any HUMAN WILL, flows to it with electric impressioning, as *like to like*. If it be Sardanapalus, the Assyrian despot, who demands perverse impressions, until his surfeited MIND concludes its reasoning, with a suicidal

death ; and he leaves on record his ultimate of *reason*—“Eat, drink, and love; the rest is not worth a fillip!”..... or, if it be INJURESOUL, wasting his human existence in vain essayal of “independent thought”—what else but ANIMAL WILL is involved with all this MIND of ours? what is INJURESOUL accomplishing, while he calls on Nature to honor his drafts on her *intelligence*? He receives words, he collates them, or he summons “ideas” of other human natures, and repeats their use, in his “advanced mind.” His WILL—a purely sensuous outcome of his animal economy—is the result of his collocations of received words. His sensations—arranged as impressions, perceptions, reflections—“make up” his infidel mind ; as a book is compiled from *words* of a dictionary ; Nature—in her flowing airs—providing his dictionary. Swelling with big words, big ideas, he claims INTELLECT. I accord his claim. “Intellect” is a compilation of cultured *sensations*. But as INJURESOUL receives *impressions*, as sensations, so, under ETERNAL LAWS, he must write his sensations as impressions—on yon blue palimpsest of ambient airs ; continent of all impressions, as of all essences of substances. There, on that scroll of TIME, abides every THOUGHT that INJURESOUL has ever impressed on paper, or breathed on air ! THERE is his *record* ; for there flows the record of every human mind, in characters of air, to burn one day as lurid light ; witness to each mortal life ! confession of each human WILL ! verdict unquestionable ! judgment irrevocable !

## WHAT MORE?

Four Thousand Rhymes with Four Score Reasons for Rhymes.

And the book-maker not yet done! . . .

In these days of many still-born books, and so few nurslings!

Peradventure! . . . . .

Yet, haply, if Rhymes are unread and Reasons ignored, a few "Last Words" may arrest some eye, if they stir no heart.

Succinctly, then, I append my postscript; setting forth:

1. That my adoption of a title for my book—"INJURE-SOUL"—was to use—toward usufruct—a suggestive *jeu d'un mol*.

2. That my arraignment of Scholastic Science is in vindication of DIVINE GOODNESS, and in behalf of Humanity misled by human Philosophies.

3. That my essay is to exalt Eternal Laws and Omnific Power over imagined laws and forces of Keplerian and Newtonian ASTRONOMY.



4. That I dismiss every assumption of GEOLOGY conflicting with Mosaic cosmogony and Scriptural chronology.

5. That I question all "provings" of CHEMISTRY which attribute to NATURE—as normal components of AIR—those deadly gases, nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, and their malarious compounds.

6. That I reject the accepted theory bequeathed by HARVEY, as his "discovery of blood circulation ;" an error which, during two hundred years, has denied progress to MEDICAL SCIENCE.

7. That I denounce "DARWINISM ;" and condemn, also, an impious delusion tolerated by religious people ; who admit that evils and afflictions, of Humanity and physical Nature, subsist by "permission" of an All-Good and All-Merciful God.

In words foregone, my FAITH propounds, my REASON perpend, and my Nature assures me, that every word I utter, by pen or tongue, and every word uttered by any other pen or tongue, was originally a word moulded in air, to be impressed on SENSE, as lines of a picture are drawn on air, to be impressed on a sensitive plate. I have averred my belief that NATURE is responsible for words only, and that REASON is chargeable with their COLLOCATION, as MIND.



Moreover, that COLLOCATED words, as MIND, are instantly imprinted, by the act of their utterance, on this ambient AIR, whereof all things are born or made—WORDS, as well as other things!—and that all imprints of collocated words, on AIR, must remain as RECORDS ON AIR, until the consummation of all things, when every utterance made by tongue or pen shall WITNESS for, or against, a MIND which framed it as language.

Writing in this belief—that collocated words, as abiding WITNESS, must confound every LIE, and expose each FOLLY framed by perverted mentality—it behooves me to weigh what I photograph as my substantial impress on these airs of heaven, which are to bear their testimonies, ere yet they shall shrivel “as a SCROLL.”

SCIENCE may smile at my proposition, that AIRS—which carry all substances in *esse*, and move all, in *posse*—can transfer facial lines as MATTER, to print semblances, as actual substances, and that lightning-flashes thus convey substances, to fix them on glass, and even on living bodies, as images.

But if transmission of lights and shades, and their impingement, as lights and shades, are facts of evidence which involve CONTACTS of substances with substances, after PASSAGE in AIR, what theory but that of “force-points” can explain

such phenomena? If "force-points" be urged, my Laws of Nature, "MOVEMENT OF LIKE TO LIKE," are recognized.

And their TRUTH makes explicable every wonder of NATURE, every miracle of Scripture.

By MOVEMENT, LIKE TO LIKE, HIS WILL, who ordered it, constrained that flow of ærial essences which permeated WATER until it became WINE at Cana in Galilee; even as HIS WILL ordained a flow of ærial words in every language, when His "Gift of Tongues" was poured out on His Chosen; "a sound from heaven, as of a rushing, mighty wind," at their feast of Pentecost.

My claim for OMNIPOTENCE is OMNIPRESENCE, conceded by all who believe that "God is everywhere." I adore these Attributes of my MAKER and PRESERVER, as they are forever in MOVEMENT OF NATURE; as HIS AIR of Nature, my life—HIS LIGHT of Nature, my intelligence—HIS HEAT of Nature, my force.

My challenge lies at Philosophy's gate.

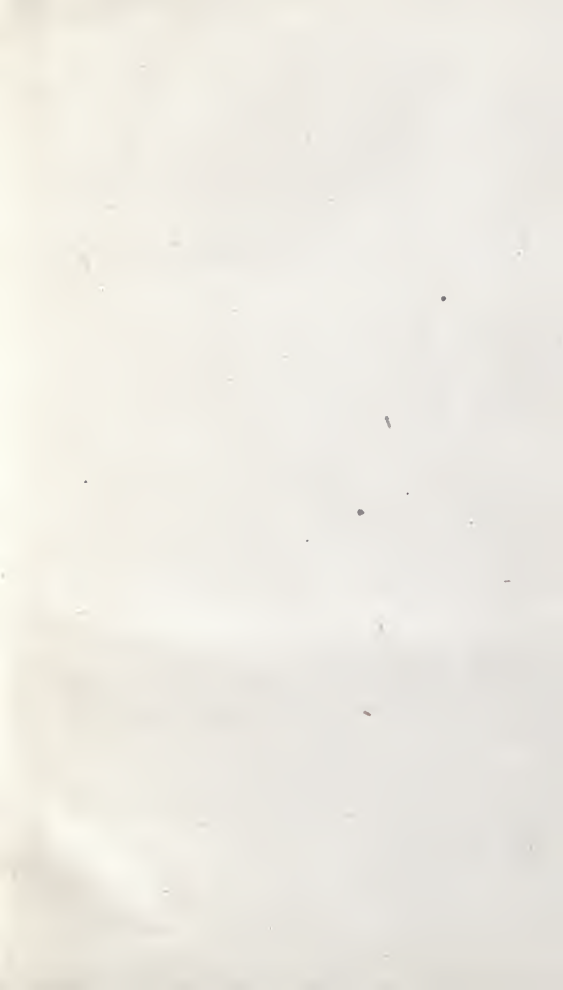
What I have penned, in a "SATIRE FOR SCIENCE," may or may not call out discussion of its TRUTH.

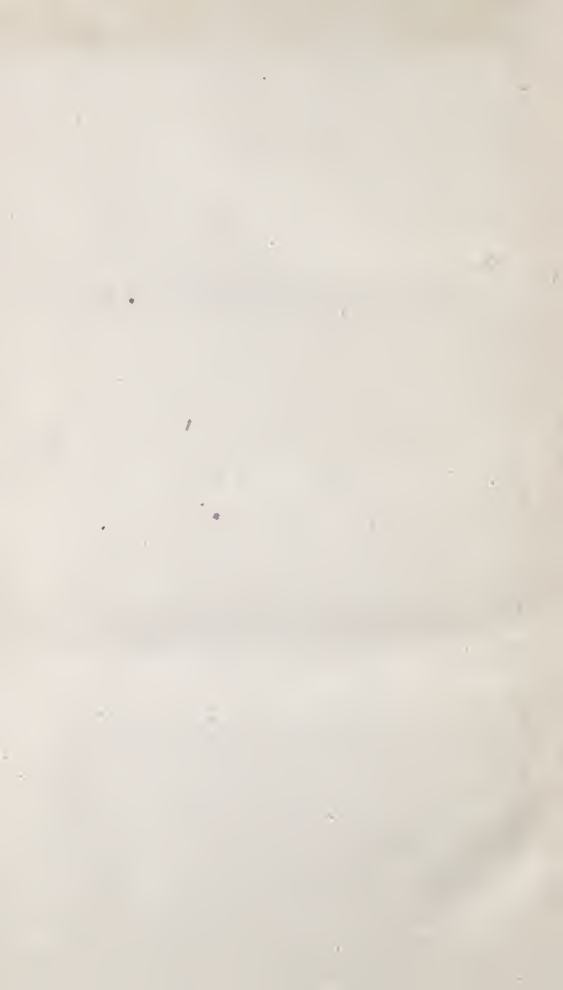
If not, my work is ENDED, for "Schools of Thought."

For myself, it is only BEGUN.











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